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THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

1890

GRAPHIC

1890



AN OFFICER AND TROOPER OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS NOW SERVING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A CRACK AUSTRALIAN CORPS.

FROM A PAINTING FROM LIFE BY W. T. MAUD.

THE GRAPHIC

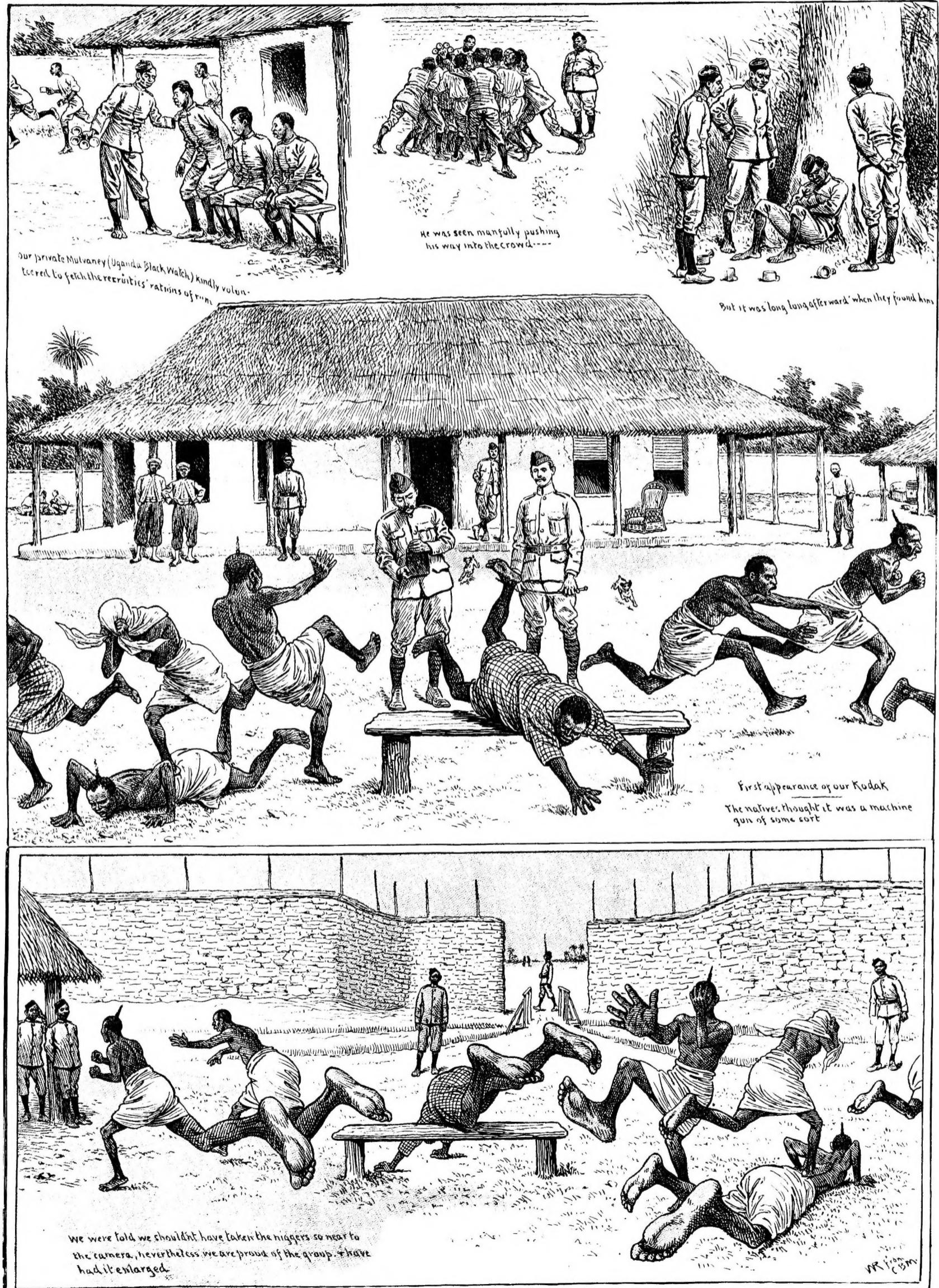
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 1,544—VOL. LX.] EDITION
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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Mary, Queen of England"

[PRICE NINEPENCE
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Topics of the Week

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech at Birmingham

The Cabinet last Monday has set at rest all doubts as to the course the Government will pursue on the Transvaal Transvaal Question. The crisis would probably not have endured as long as it has but for the belief to which certain persons in this country and in Pretoria have clung that the Cabinet was divided in regard to it. No legend is, indeed, more consoling to the Opposition heart than that which depicts the Cabinet as perpetually torn by a conflict between the rashful Colonial Secretary and the prudent Premier. At ordinary times the persistence of this legend might be dismissed as an amusing instance of factious credulity, but in moments of crisis it is calculated to exercise a distinctly mischievous influence. There can be no doubt, for example, that the countenance given of late in London to this myth has found a very practical echo in Pretoria, where it has had the effect of stiffening President Kruger's natural obstinacy. Since last Monday, however, it has become impossible for anyone to cherish any illusions on this subject. There was no point on which Mr. Chamberlain insisted more strongly and categorically, in his very outspoken speech, than that the Cabinet was absolutely united, that it took its stand by the policy laid down by Sir Alfred Milner, and that "having undertaken this business we will see it through." It is to be hoped that the full import of this pronouncement has not been concealed from President Kruger. No one who has studied his diplomacy need be told that he has a wholesome dread of running his head against a stone wall, and that the one thing necessary to bring him to a reasonable frame of mind is to convince him that this country is absolutely in earnest. The view taken by the Government is briefly that an appreciable enfranchisement of the Uitlanders must take place immediately. No further temporising measures can be tolerated. The misgovernment of the Transvaal has brought the Paramount Power face to face with a crisis of Imperial magnitude. It finds itself to-day confronted not only by the grievances of the Rand, but by discords in its own Colonies which menace its supremacy in South Africa, and consequently cannot but affect detrimentally the interests of the whole Empire. The evil must be dealt with at its source. Once the Uitlanders are treated fairly the perils of the present situation will disappear. In the first place, the mere fact of imposing our will on the Transvaal will re-establish the prestige of the Paramount Power and silence the seditious voices which have presumed on our tolerance and indulgence. But the effect will be more solid than this, for with the infusion of an Uitlander element in the Rand the scandalous mismanagement of public affairs must necessarily become modified and corrected, and the Transvaal, instead of remaining a disintegrating force in South Africa, will become a source of peace, strength, and eventually of union. It will, no doubt, be very disagreeable for President Kruger to give way, but the alternative will be even more disastrous. Acquiescence in our demands will lose him nothing but certain vague illusions connected with the possible displacement of British by Dutch supremacy in South Africa. Sir Alfred Milner's franchise scheme threatens neither the independence of the Republic nor the predominance of the Boers within its limits. On the other hand a war would impose upon it very much harsher terms, if it did not altogether modify its political status. We may then confidently look forward to a peaceful issue to the present crisis.

Narrow as was the majority which prolonged the existence of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, it is something for the outside world to feel thankful for. Until M. Brisson patriotically came to the rescue of the Government, there seemed only too much likelihood that M. Loubet would again have to test his skill at Cabinet making. Who shall say how long that interregnum might not have lasted, or by what violent means its end might not have been hastened? Thoughts of that kind must, we should imagine, now cause the Socialists and Republican Extremists to doubt whether they acted either wisely or patriotically when they joined ranks with the Royalists, the Imperialists, and the Clericals against M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues. It is quite natural, of course, that General de Gallifet should be held in detestation by the party with which he dealt so roughly when crushing the Commune. Nor was the attempt to howl down M. de Lanessan without some justification; certain notorious incidents of his career in the Far East may well make him a *persona in grata* to Frenchmen who hold the honour of their country above all other matters. But the question of the moment is not about the antecedents of this, that, or the other individual, but whether the Republic shall be saved from military domination. General de Gallifet is the right man, at all events, for that pressing work of rescue; the promptness with which he has transferred the more dangerous generals to distant commands deprived the General Staff of its most pliable instruments at a single operation.

The Court

THE QUEEN is now settled at Windsor for the next three weeks. The brief change to Balmoral has done Her Majesty a great deal of good, for the Queen was looking especially well during her visit to the Windsor Flower Show on Saturday. There was a dinner party in the evening in honour of Princess Clementine of Belgium, the Belgian Minister being among the guests. The Prince of Wales came down on Sunday, arriving in time to join the Queen and the Princesses at Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where the Bishop of Winchester preached. Both the Eton grandsons, Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duke of Albany, came to lunch, and afterwards most of the Royal party were on the East Terrace listening to the military bands which played opposite the Queen's apartments. Lord Salisbury was the chief guest of the evening, having audience of Her Majesty, and remaining to dine and sleep.

The traditional Queen's weather favoured the Royal review at Aldershot on Monday, when some 14,000 men paraded before Her Majesty and a large Royal gathering. Laffan's Plain is rather small for the display of such a force, but it is less dusty than the Long Valley, and more convenient for the Queen, being close to the Royal enclosure. Her Majesty, with the Princesses, drove over from Farnborough Station, escorted by a body of the 12th Lancers and a large military staff, and took up her position at the saluting point. The Duchess of Connaught and her daughters were with the Queen, Princess Clementine of Belgium, and Princess Christian with her daughter, while the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught and York were on horseback. The march past took some two hours—the young Crown Prince of Siam was among the troops as a subaltern in the 1st Durham Light Infantry—and at the close the men presented arms to the strains of the National Anthem. Finally, a Royal salute greeted the Queen as Her Majesty drove off to the station. Another military spectacle takes place to day (Saturday), when the Queen inspects the Honourable Artillery Company at Windsor.

As the end of the London season comes in sight Royal public engagements grow more numerous, and the Prince of Wales in particular has little leisure indeed. He was the chief actor in two important ceremonies at the end of last week—laying the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Royal School of Art Needlework, and performing a similar office for the new Central Savings Bank at West Kensington. Princess Christian was the hostess at the first function, reading the address to the Prince of Wales describing the work of the school, which she, as President, has promoted with such energy. The Prince of Wales accompanied her husband, and was with him also at the Savings Bank ceremony next day, when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, and the Duke and Duchess of York joined the party. The Prince and Princess came in semi-State, and special allusion was made by the Prince in his speech to the Queen's interest in her people's thrift. A brief address by the Duke of Norfolk prefaced the Prince's laying of the stone with a solid silver trowel—afterwards presented to him. Before the ceremony the Prince and Princess had given a luncheon party in honour of Princess Clementine of Belgium, while later the Prince was at Messrs. Samuda's yard at Millwall for a glimpse of the champion yacht *Shamrock* ready for launching. Besides his patriotic interest in the yacht as the British champion the Prince has a personal interest as well, for his yacht *Britannia* is to race the *Shamrock* during her speed trials in the Solent next month. Besides spending Sunday with the Queen at Windsor, the Prince was at Aldershot on Monday for the Royal review. In town the chief Royal function of the week was the State Concert last (Friday) night, and the State Ball next Friday closes the series of official Royal entertainments for the season. Whilst the Princess rejoins her daughters at Sandringham, the Prince next week begins his provincial trips by a journey to Scotland. First he goes to Dalkeith House, to stay with the Duke of Buccleuch, for the Highland Agricultural Society's Show at Edinburgh, spending two days in the Scottish capital, where he will also receive the freedom of the city. He comes back to town for the State Ball and the Volunteer Review next Saturday. On July 16 the Prince is due at Eastbourne for the Sussex Agricultural Society's Show, staying with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Compton Place.

The Duke and Duchess of York have also had a very busy week. On Tuesday they opened the new buildings of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, City Road; on Thursday the Duchess was at Blackheath for a Garden Fete on behalf of Lady Dufferin's Fund for supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India; next day she visited the Ladies' Kennel Association Fete in the Botanical Gardens, and to-day (Saturday) the Duke and Duchess present prizes to the boys of the Industrial Feltham School. Next week they take a trip to South Devon, spending from Monday to Friday with Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh at Ugbrooke Park, Newton Abbot.

The Duke of Connaught pays a flying visit to Ireland next week to review the Inniskilling Dragoons at the Curragh. There was a pleasant house party at Bagshot Park from Saturday to Monday when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught entertained Lord Kitchener and the Duke and Duchess of Portland. The Sirdar spent his forty-ninth birthday with his Royal host and hostess.

Nothing could have been more simple and unceremonious than the Royal wedding at Kew last week. Only the immediate family of the bride and a few intimate friends were present when Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was married to Count Maurice Francy de Jamat. The bride being a Protestant and the bridegroom a Roman Catholic there were two services, the Roman Catholic rite taking place first at St. Elizabeth's Church, Richmond, beautifully decorated with white flowers. The Hereditary Grand Duke gave his daughter away, and Prince Francis of Teck was best man. There were no bridesmaids. The service was performed in French by Monsignor Le Cleire, and after the signing of the marriage register the bridal party drove off to Kew for the Church of England Service, where the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, the Rev. W. Bliss, Vicar of Kew, and the Rev. F. Keavly, Rector of West Lexham, Norfolk, officiated. The wedding ring having been put on in the first service, Princess Marie took it off before the altar to have it placed on her finger afresh. The Duke of Cambridge gave the wedding breakfast at Cambridge Cottage, Kew. The honeymoon is being spent in France.

In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

GLANCING at the House of Lords on Monday night, observing the benches thronged, the side galleries filled with peers in summer frocks, one accustomed to the ways of the place would forthwith conclude that the question at issue affected either Land or the Church. It was neither. It was Woman. The London Government Bill stood as the first order of the day. The House was in Committee, confronted by Clause II., which, as amended by Mr. Courtney, made legal the election of women not only as councillors in what are gruesomely called "these ladies," to be created by the Act, but as alderwomen.

When in the Commons Mr. Arthur Elliot attempted, on the report stage, to upset the decision carried by Mr. Courtney in Committee, the Chancellor of the Exchequer comforted him with the reminder that there was a House of Lords. The House nobly responded to this confidence. Had the London Government Bill been free from this incubus of alderwomen, the appearance of the Chamber would, doubtless, in no degree have varied from that presented during the last week or ten days, when almost equally important Bills have been to the fore. Indeed, when this very Bill came up for the critical stage of second reading, the House was, as usual, nearly empty. But on the second reading the question of women in aldermanic chairs could not come up, being reserved for the Committee stage.

What added piquancy to the situation over and above the particular question at issue was the position of the Ministry. It was well known that Lord Salisbury was in favour of Mr. Courtney's proviso. In ordinary cases, as was shown in the experience of the hapless Scotch shop girls, a speech from the Premier is sufficient to decide the fate of a Bill, however general opinion may have veered before he spoke. On this question of woman's political rights, it was different. As was shown in the Commons when the division on Mr. Courtney's amendment was taken, Mr. Arthur Balfour, supporting it, saw his colleagues in the Cabinet troop one after another into the opposite lobby. Would the personal and official influence of Lord Salisbury be sufficient to turn the tide?

That the Premier was very much in earnest was shown by his earliest move in the game. In ordinary debates he, as Leader of the House, reserves himself to the last, winding up the debate on the eve of the division. On Monday he was not disposed to sacrifice the remotest chance. Before opinion was influenced by the speeches of Peers against the Clause, he would get up and endeavour to storm the citadel. As usual he was brief and, far more than usual, he was earnest. In the earlier portions of his speech there were a few touches of his habitual cynicism. Later, when he came to extol woman as more impressed with the humanitarian element, more moved than man by motives of the highest philanthropy, he was almost solemn in his earnestness.

Cheers that greeted him from both sides of the House added to the uncertainty of the coming division. Party barriers broken through members seemed pretty evenly divided. The speech of the Lord Chancellor gave pause to the friends of the cause. Hitherto Lord Salisbury, as he confessed, has been in favour of throwing wider open to women avenues that lead to public life. Not for the first time in man's history the Lord Chancellor has been deceived by woman. According to the Lord Chancellor she went wrong on the questions of Temperance, Vaccination and Turkish affairs—that is to say, she differed from Lord Salisbury. Therefore, still admitting that woman is the light and charm of humanity, he declared her impossible in politics. The Bishops rallied round woman with more than episcopal fervour. The Archbishop of York acted as their spokesman in uncompromisingly supporting the clause. Later, when the division was called, the full flock of Bishops, eight all told, trooped out to support the Premier. But it was no use. The Lords, according to their wholesome custom, did not indulge in much talk. They voted in exceptionally large numbers. Of 250 who took part in the division, sixty-eight declared for alderwomen, 182 would have none of her. Thus, by a majority of close upon three to one, the Bill was thrown out in teeth of the Prime Minister, and in opposition to the known opinions of the Leader of the House of Commons, who smilingly surveyed the scene from the steps of the Throne.

The Commons have had a busy and bustling week. The Telephone Bill has suddenly emerged into prominence. Read a second time it was quietly awaiting reference to Committee, when Mr. Balfour proposed, as the only hope of salvation, that it should be referred to a Grand Committee. In this plan Mr. Stuart, and other members who want to see the telephone popularised, discovered intent to shelve the Bill. Fortunately Mr. Hanbury, who has it in charge, possesses the confidence of the Opposition not less than that of the Ministerialists, save the group of members who are personally connected with the National Telephone Company. His assurance that Mr. Balfour's proposal was designed in the best interests of the Bill did much to modify opposition, which, it should be understood, is by no means confined to the Liberal side. It was Mr. Cohen who, when motion was made to refer the Bill to a Grand Committee, came forward with the motion to substitute a Select Committee, and Mr. Kimber, another stout Conservative, prevented the realisation of Mr. Hanbury's pleased dream of forthwith getting the Grand Committee to work.

It is, however, the Clerical Tithes Bill that is principally responsible for making things hum, and promises to prolong the Session beyond the sacred Twelfth of August. Regular opposition is encouraged by knowledge that the measure is by no means popular with the Ministerialists. This feeling finds irritated expression in Lobby and smoking-room conversation, and in more modified form is not withheld from the public ear. Worse still, it displays itself in the division lobby, the Ministerial majority on two divisions taken on the day of the introduction of the Bill falling far below the normal level. On Tuesday the second reading was moved, Mr. Asquith urging its rejection. There was nothing in the appearance of the House to suggest the depth of political passion roused. But that is the way of the House of Commons. If it had been arranged that a division should have followed on the close of the sitting there would have been alertness on both sides. It was known that there would be a second night's debate, and members incontinently tailed off. One other reason for reticence on this particular question is that it is profoundly abstruse. On the first reading the Leader of the Opposition cleverly put the issue as a fresh endowment of the Church of England at the expense of the taxpayer. But in so critical an assembly as the House of Commons more than generality is demanded. The ordinary member shirked debate, and was glad of opportunity to take part in the division of this (Friday) morning.

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ROYAL AQUARIUM.—THE GREAT FIGHT.

The Fort at Johannesburg

A CORRESPONDENT in Johannesburg writes:—“As local events are being watched with such a keen interest at home and in Europe, I take the liberty of sending you a couple of sketches which may interest your readers. I have had to send them through a private source, as I am certain if addressed direct to your paper the packet would be opened by the postal authorities, and most probably the drawings stopped. The two incidents sketched are of daily occurrence. It is almost impossible to do any sketching near the fort: the watchful sentries will not even allow one to stand and look at it. ‘It is not made to look at,’ they will tell you, and request you to ‘move on.’ To take a snapshot of anything going on at the fort would more than probably mean being locked up and having both camera and negative destroyed. The strength of the fort garrison is roughly estimated at not under 300 men, and the uniforms worn are very varied. With the exception of the ‘Staat’s Artillerie,’ I don’t think the remaining uniforms represent any section of the Transvaal forces. However, I suppose as long as a man can take up arms in the defence of ‘land and volk’ the commandant of the fort does not mind what he wears. The fort, which has lately been handed over to Elsöf, a nephew of President Kruger, is situated north of the town. It is not yet completed, the convicts working hard at it, and bastioned entanglements are being put up its sloping face, and the walls topped with sandbags, in parts. Being on the highest point of the Witwatersrand, it commands a very large extent of country, and I should say a very fine view could be obtained from the fort wall. On the wall at the south side heliographing is often carried on to a point just above the town of Heidelberg, which is more than twenty-five miles as the crow flies.

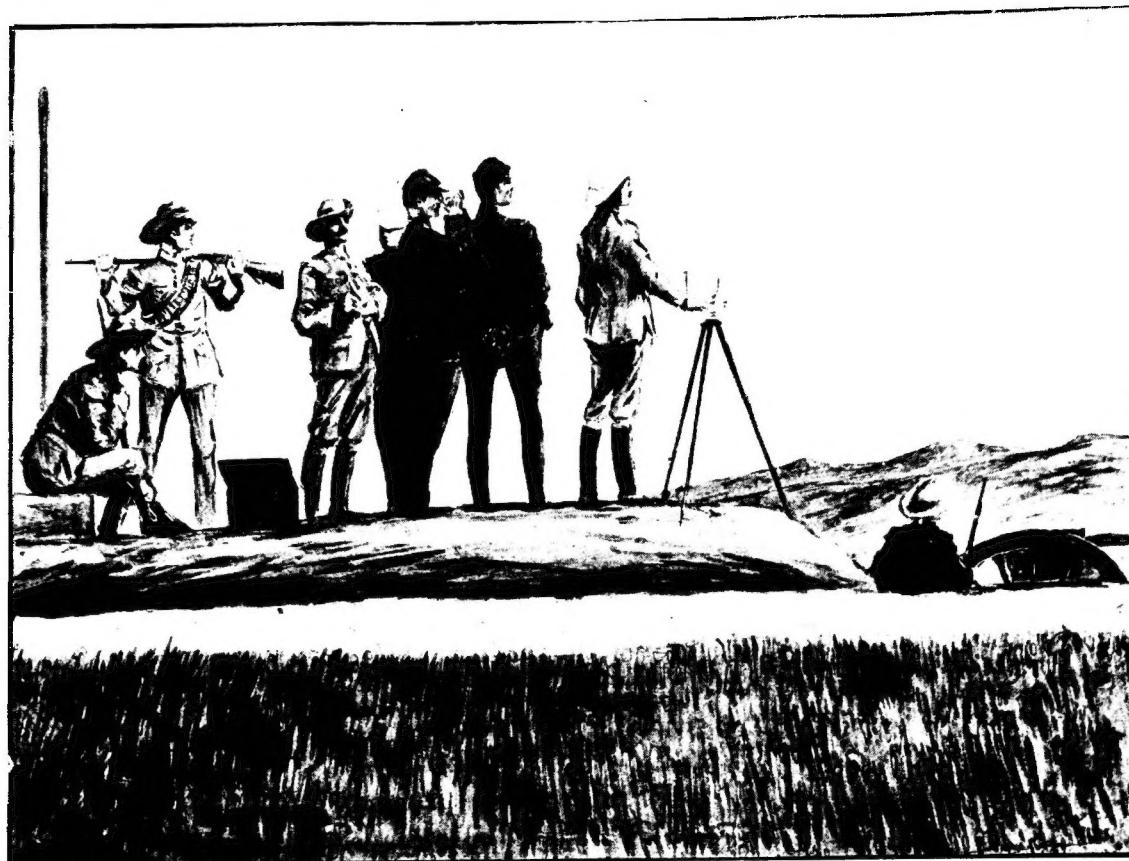
From the northern wall messages can be flashed to within a mile or two of the fort commanding the main road and railroad from Johannesburg to Pretoria, nearly thirty miles. As far as my knowledge of the country goes, there is only one slight rise in the country which prevents the flashing of messages right through. The look-out east

main entrance on the south side, and much round to the slope facing Parktown, which is situated to the north of the fort, and there go through their drill. I have watched one or two of their drills, and must say the drill instructor has my sincere sympathy. They would break ‘Sergeant what’s his name’s’ heart.

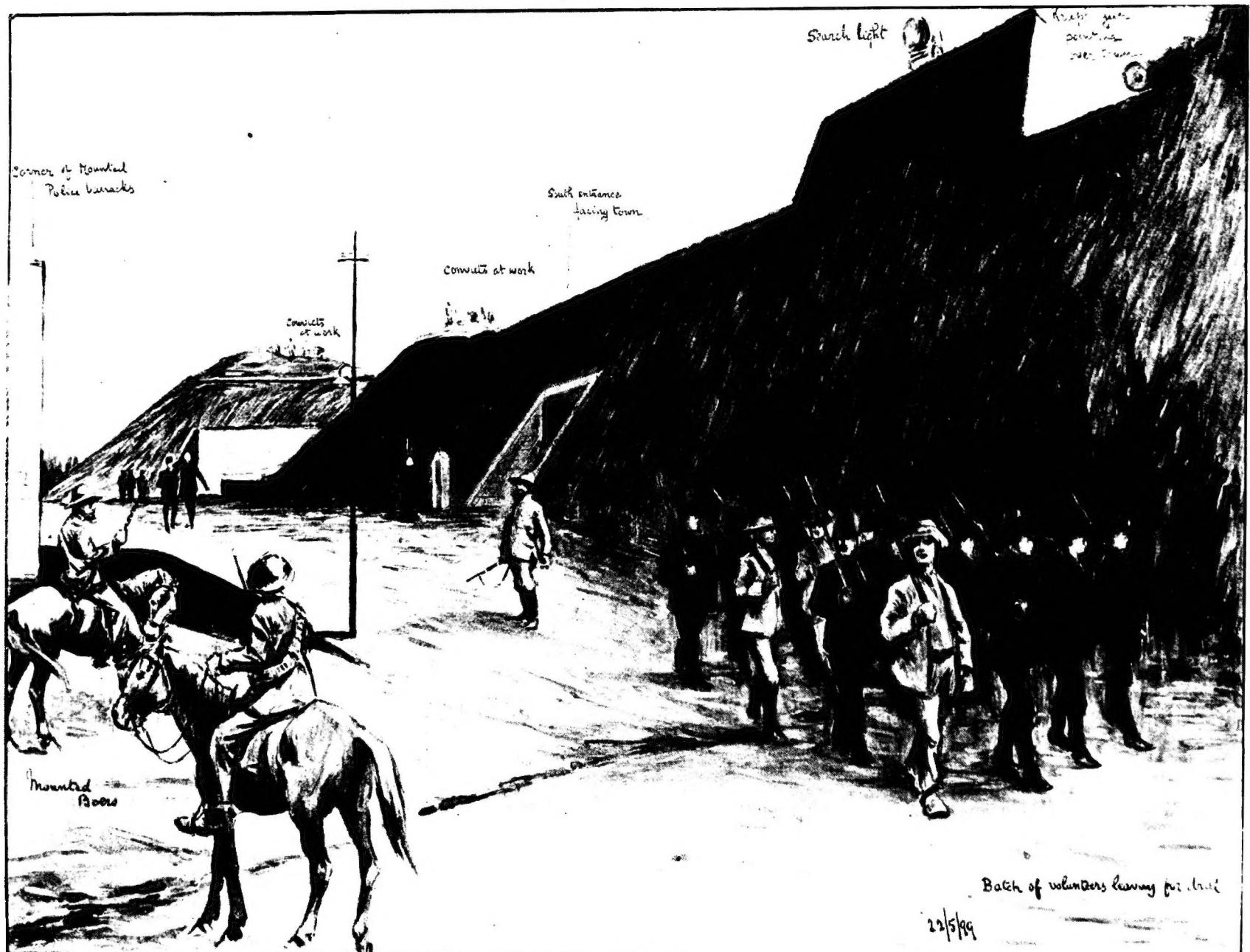
It is very difficult to say how many guns and what amounts of ammunition are stored in the fort. One hears it definitely stated that so many guns came over from Pretoria last week, and so many the week before, and as this has been going on for some considerable time, there should be quite a large assortment stored by this time. They have a good many Maximis, some field-guns and Krupps, among the latter some 40-pounders, I believe, and thousands of magazine and Martini-Henry rifles. No effort is being spared to make the men as efficient as possible, and gun-drill is being carried on in the fort every day. With the exception of the Maximis, however, no practice is done with the guns here, and, I believe, very little is done in Pretoria. A new feature is the electric search-light, which was experimented with for a couple of nights last week, and after testing it on every conceivable hole and corner for miles round, and nearly frightening the lives out of several of the hospital patients by flashing this powerful light through the windows (the hospital is situated near the fort), they seem to have given it a rest.

I might send you sketches every week while the present strained attitude exists, except for the great difficulty of getting the sketches home, or, rather, getting them down to the Natal or Colonial border.

The local postal authorities are very watchful, and it is no easy matter getting anything of this nature through, as I have found from experience. Should you reproduce the drawings, don’t mention my name in connection with them, as I should be watched every time I tried to make any note either here or at Pretoria.”



and west along the line of reef must also cover a good many miles. The usual outside routine of the fort consists of a Staat’s Artillerie officer taking a consignment of raw recruits out for an hour’s drill in the morning, 7.30 to 8.30. The Johnnies raw wear every description of clothing, and walk as they please. They leave the



A DAILY SCENE AT THE FORT



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

A novel sight was witnessed in Malta the other day when a representative team of the Navy regiment played a polo match by moonlight. The Navy men wore blue jerseys, while the military side were distinguished by night attire worn over their clothes. The ball was lost every now and then, but the game proved very exciting. The Naval team won the match by four goals to nil.

POLO BY MOONLIGHT IN MALTA: THE MATCH BETWEEN ARMY AND NAVY TEAMS

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

M. COQUELIN THE ELDER AT THE ADELPHI

NEITHER hot weather nor a waning season has been permitted to interfere with M. Coquelin's engagement at the ADELPHI Theatre, where this famous comedian, with his company from the PORTE ST. MARTIN, made their appearance on Monday evening in M. Rostand's poetical play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The cast has undergone only one notable change since the company were seen at the LYCÉE Theatre twelve months ago, Mlle. Legault's part of Roxane being now handed over to Madame Esquier, a young actress who played this coquettish heroine in a sprightly fashion, and with some touches of true tenderness. M. Coquelin's impersonation of the truculent leader of the "Cadets de Gascogne" is now familiar far and wide, and may be said to have passed out of the domain of criticism. Fortunately for the patrons of the ADELPHI, M. Jean Coquelin retains his original part of Raguenneau, the poetical pastry-cook and rotisseur, which he plays with unabated force and humour. The play will be repeated nightly down to the close of the engagement—that is to the end of next week, and also at matinées on July 1 and 8. At the matinée on Wednesday, in the present week, M. Coquelin appeared in *Tartuffe* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and on Wednesday afternoon next the company will give a representation of *Mme. de la Seignière*.

"AN AMERICAN CITIZEN"

America's best lady dramatist, Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, has already contributed good work to the stage, but she has sent us nothing better than *An American Citizen*, which, much to the advantage of the patrons of the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre, has displaced *The Cowboy and the Lady* in the bill of that house. The story is no doubt a little infected with stage tradition. Beresford Cruger, who marries a lady he does not love merely to comply with an eccentric will which makes this, together with the renunciation of American citizenship, the condition of his inheriting a large sum of money of which the firm whereof he is a member is just then earnestly in need, clearly belongs more to stageland than to any realm outside the walls of a theatre. The notion that the legally united couple shall part for good at the church doors is also open to the same reproach; but audiences can grant a good deal in the way of what is artificial and unreal if the playwright in handling such materials exhibits the true dramatic faculty, and this Mrs. Ryley possesses in a high degree. The story of how Mr. Cruger meets his semi-detached wife, Beatrice Carew, at Nice, falls in love with her, and after misunderstandings which postpone the dénouement finally become, one merry Christmas time, excellent friends and partners for life, is set forth in a series of amusing situations, sustained by smart and lively dialogue and also by excellent acting.

popular house it will be to present Mr. Anthony Hope's version of his fantastic story, "Rupert of Hentzau," which is to be followed at some future time, or rather times, by a new play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, a tragedy by Mr. Stephen Phillips, a comedy by Mr. Walter Frith, another comedy by John Oliver Hobbes, and lastly by the long-talked-of revival of Shakespeare's *King Henry V*.

The matinées of the current week have been exceptionally numerous; and more than once the enthusiastic playgoer who prides himself, when in town, upon missing no première of importance has, like Desdemona, "perceived here a divided duty." On Monday there were performances at the HAYMARKET by the Old Carthusians for the benefit of the Charterhouse Mission, and on

morning performance of *Tartuffe* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*—the only occasion on which he appears during his present visit in pieces of the classic repertory. Finally Miss Madge McIntosh produced on Thursday afternoon at TERRY'S a new four-act comedy by Messrs. Berte Thomas and Granville Barker, entitled *The Weather Hen*.

Report speaks favourably of the talents of Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones and Miss Ethelwynne Arthur-Jones, the youthful daughters of the distinguished dramatist, who have adopted the drama profession, and are now on tour as members of Miss Fanny Hutchinson's well-known travelling company. The former, who is the elder of the sisters, plays the part of the pert and perverse heroine in her father's amiable comedy, *The Manoeuvres of Jaffa*. The young ladies are stated to have been trained by M. Coquelin, and to have received lessons in English comedy acting from M. William Farren.

Although the connection between the ancient Indian drama, *Sakontala*; or, *The Lost Ring*, and the special functions of the Elizabethan Stage Society is not very obvious, the forthcoming performance by the members of the society of an English version of Kalidasa's play, which is supposed to date from the sixth century of our era, will be interesting. It is to take place on Monday next in the conservatory of the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park. The number of tickets is limited to three hundred, and it is announced that several native students will take part in the performance. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with Sir William Jones's or Sir Monier Williams's translation, Mr. Poel has judiciously prepared a little synopsis of the plot as follows:—"A king while on a hunting expedition comes unexpectedly among some hermits living in a sacred grove. There he falls in love with Sakoontala, a beautiful maiden, who, passing for a hermit's daughter, is in reality of higher rank. She is secretly married to the king, who gives her a ring as token of recognition, and returns to his kingdom. Then follows a series of moving and interesting incidents. A curse is pronounced on Sakoontala by a choleric sage, who prophesies her husband's loss of memory. She decides to set out for her husband's palace, thus introducing the finest scene in the play—her pathetic farewell to her home. On the way she loses her marriage token, and being unrecognised by her husband she is publicly repudiated: this is followed by her miraculous assumption to a celestial asylum, the unexpected discovery of the ring by a poor fisherman, and the king's agony on recovering his memory. Next is shown the king's aerial voyage in the car of India; his strange meeting with his own child, the son of Sakoontala, and finally the happy reunion of the lovers."

Mrs. Langtry has at last determined to return to the stage, from which she has so long been absent. She has arranged to take possession of the HAYMARKET Theatre for a short season during the absence of Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery with their company, and will open that house with a new play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, based on Dumas's *La Tulipe Noire*.

The Navy League

VISITORS PASSING UNDER THE BOW OF THE "LONDON"
THE NAVY LEAGUE'S TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The theatrical season is fast drawing to a close. Mr. George Alexander has already taken a farewell of his patrons at the ST. JAMES'S, the performances of *Great Caesar* at the COMEDY and of *Cupid and the Princess* at the LYRIC are ended, and on Saturday next Mr. Beerbohm Tree, at HER MAJESTY'S, will appear for the last time in the revived *Musketeers*. We shall probably hear from him on this occasion some news of the splendid revival of *King John*, with which he is looking forward to open the autumn season. Mr. Alexander has already foreshadowed his future plans in one of those neat little speeches with which his admirers are familiar. He closes earlier than usual this year, and will return later than is customary with him, for the theatre during the absence of the ST. JAMES'S company on tour is to pass into the hands of the builders and decorators for extensive structural alterations and improvements. When the curtain rises next time at this

the same afternoon other performances at the CORONET Theatre in aid of the funds of the Seaside Convalescent Home at Seaford. For Tuesday no fewer than three matinées were announced. Miss Nance O'Neill, an American actress, appeared at the SHAFTESBURY in the pathetic play *Leah*, so long associated with the name of Miss Bateman; Miss Hedgingham at TERRY'S took part in a programme consisting of short pieces, while at the CRITERION Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company, under the special patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York and the Princess Louise, gave a representation of *Still Waters Run Deep* in aid of the funds of the Oxygen Home, an institution designed to give practical application to an alleged important discovery in reference to the treatment of wounds and ulcers by oxygen gas. At the ADELPHI M. Coquelin gave on Wednesday, as already noted, a

LAST week some 150 members of the Navy League travelled to Portsmouth, where they received a practical object-lesson in some of the wonders of the Navy. They first visited H.M.S. *Vernon*, which is used as a torpedo school. Connected by a bridge with the *Vernon* is the *Ariadne*, where the men in training have their quarters. From the torpedo school the visitors were taken to Whale Island, and were shown the methods of training in force at the school of gunnery, where some 700 bluejackets are under instruction. Some of the battleships and cruisers in the harbour were afterwards visited. Thus the *Resolution*, the *Magnificent*, and the *Prince George* were inspected, and the visitors also passed under the bow of the battleship *Zulu*, which is being built at Portsmouth. It was wonderful how much the enthusiastic Leaguers saw in a day, and how tirelessly they went from one object of interest to another. The trip was in every way a success from start to finish.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE late Emperor of the French once imported into France a number of Esquimaux men and women. He had them brought to Paris, and did his best to please them by showing them the sights and the luxury of that exquisite city. Some days after their arrival they sought out the Emperor, and, falling upon their knees, they begged to be shut up in a darkened room and to be given plenty of blubber! Those who leave the country in the spring and summer, when the sun is shining, and the flowers and the fields are at their best, and endure the heat, the trials, and the fatigue of the London season, must be on much the same level as were those Esquimaux.

The London season, however, is a rapidly disappearing fixture. That "Lord and Lady — have left London for the season months" is almost as common an announcement now as it was formerly that they had arrived in town for the summer. The latest generation has been fed on athletics, and loves exercise, fresh air, health, and freedom from unnecessary restraint. The young men when they can exhaust themselves in playing polo, golf, and tennis in preference to dancing the day in at some over-crowded entertainment, and the young women naturally follow them, for the main object of the season is to enable the ones to get acquainted with the others.

"A straw shows how the wind blows." In anticipation of crowded gatherings, a large number of additional chairs have this year been placed in Hyde Park. It would have been a more profitable undertaking had many been withdrawn, for never have the collectors gathered so few pennies as they have this season. It is calculated that where in other years a collector has obtained three pound ten shillings in an afternoon he has secured this season a pound. Social entertainments have also greatly diminished in number, whilst the attendance at suburban sporting clubs has never been so large.

Sir Julian Paunceforte, the British Ambassador at Washington, was to have served an additional year at that post, as his term of office had been extended both for political reasons and as a mark of official approval at the success which he had achieved. There is reason to believe, however, that he has now decided to terminate his career in the Diplomatic Service almost immediately, and that, should he return to Washington at all, it will only be for the purpose of winding up his public transactions and his private affairs. Sir Julian will be much missed in the United States, where he had secured the respect of all and the affection of many.

Reports of forthcoming appointments are always to be regarded with suspicion, for the authorities are strangely reticent in this respect, though it is difficult to perceive why they should be. It is said that Mr. Francis Villiers, a brother of Lord Clarendon, one of the Assistant Under-Secretaries for Foreign Affairs, may possibly be appointed to succeed Sir Julian Paunceforte at Washington. As Mr. Francis Villiers is possessed of considerable and unquestionable ability, and has many qualities which would especially qualify him for the post, it is, in this instance, to be hoped that the rumour will be verified. Though the exception may be reasonable and for the public good, it is, as a general rule, much to be objected to that men outside the Diplomatic Service should be appointed to those important posts, which should be distributed more or less in rotation amongst members of the service.

Lady Shelley, who died at Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth, on Saturday, was born in 1820, and was first married to Mr. Charles St. John, a brother of the then Lord Bolingbroke, and, after his

death, married the late Sir Percy Shelley, the only son of the poet. The late Lady Shelley has bequeathed to the Bodleian Library at Oxford a collection of relics of the poet, and some valuable family portraits.

The authorities at Lord's have taken a decisive step, but whether it is one which is in the right or in the wrong direction remains to be seen. Lord's is the cricketer's Mecca; it is also the site of two annual picnics, the Oxford and Cambridge and the Eton and Harrow matches. By building a stand upon the ground, which on these occasions was occupied by a multitude of carriages, the authorities have virtually put a stop to these picnics, and they have also

A New Route to Kumassi

We reproduce this week some sketches by Mr. Frederic Shelford, who has made many trips to some most outlandish parts of the African and American continents for the Colonial Office, seeking for desirable routes for the construction of light railways to open up and render accessible some of our beautiful and fertile, but very remote, tropical possessions. Great Britain may perhaps by some be considered to have been almost sufficiently brought under the civilising influence of the iron road, but there yet remain vast expanses of our distant oversea Empire into which the locomotive has not yet found its way. This state of affairs is apparently not to be for long, for our minor Crown Colonies are now vigorously endeavouring to place their remote hinterlands into closer contact with the European markets. The West African Crown Colonies have been the most prominently successful in the plucky attempt to occupy a worthy place amongst the British possessions, and, receiving every possible encouragement and assistance from the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, are now actively engaged in developing their resources by replacing the primeval methods of transport still in vogue all over West Africa with the more economical railroad. In the construction of these pioneer lines a picturesque element is introduced which one does not usually associate with such utilitarian works. Many adventurous explorations have to be undertaken before the best route for such an expensive enterprise as a railway can be definitely decided upon, for its whole future welfare depends entirely upon the configuration of the country and the prospects of traffic, and frequently of these little or nothing is known until an expedition is sent to explore the forest.

The sketches refer to Mr. Shelford's latest exploration—namely, through the great West African forest belt to Kumassi, not by one of the well-known routes from the coast to the capital of Ashanti, but in a bee-line from the Turkwa Gold Mines through unknown country, a journey involving a five weeks' tramp of 360 miles. There being no road, and no native being found capable of guiding the expedition, Mr. Shelford had to pick his way through the forest by compass and such information as the few natives encountered were able to afford, and was compelled to follow bush hunters' tracks densely overgrown and frequently knee deep in water and black, oozy mud.

Kumassi, so long a thorn in the side of Great Britain, was found now to be a smart up-to-date military station, with the only drawback that a three-shilling bag of rice costs twenty-five shillings more to get there. There is a large fort, from which centre the whole country for many scores of miles in every direction is administered by the British Resident, a post now ably filled by Captain Donald Stewart, C.M.G. A garrison of 150 Hausa troops is maintained, and one of our illustrations depicts the administration of the punishment which swiftly fell upon the shoulders of a couple of mutinous privates.

On the return journey to Accar by a different route, the most beautiful Lake Busumakwe ("the sacred shrine") was passed by the expedition. This wonderful and awe-inspiring lake, four miles in diameter, is surrounded completely by an unbroken line of precipi-

tous mountains, some 1,200 feet high, which impart to it a most weird appearance. The natives who live round this quaint lake navigate it by getting astride the trunk of a young tree, and propelling themselves by means of their bare hands, surely the most primitive method of navigation conceivable.

From the top of these logs they may be seen casting their queer circular nets, which entrap the fish, as their weighted edges are slowly drawn through the water. Another sketch shows the expedition crossing the River Pra, the Europeans keeping dry shod for once, by getting upon the tops of their hammocks, this being about the only use to which the hammocks could be put during the whole journey, on account of the narrowness of the native bush paths. Mr. Shelford was accompanied during this trip by Dr. J. C. Matthews and sixty carriers.

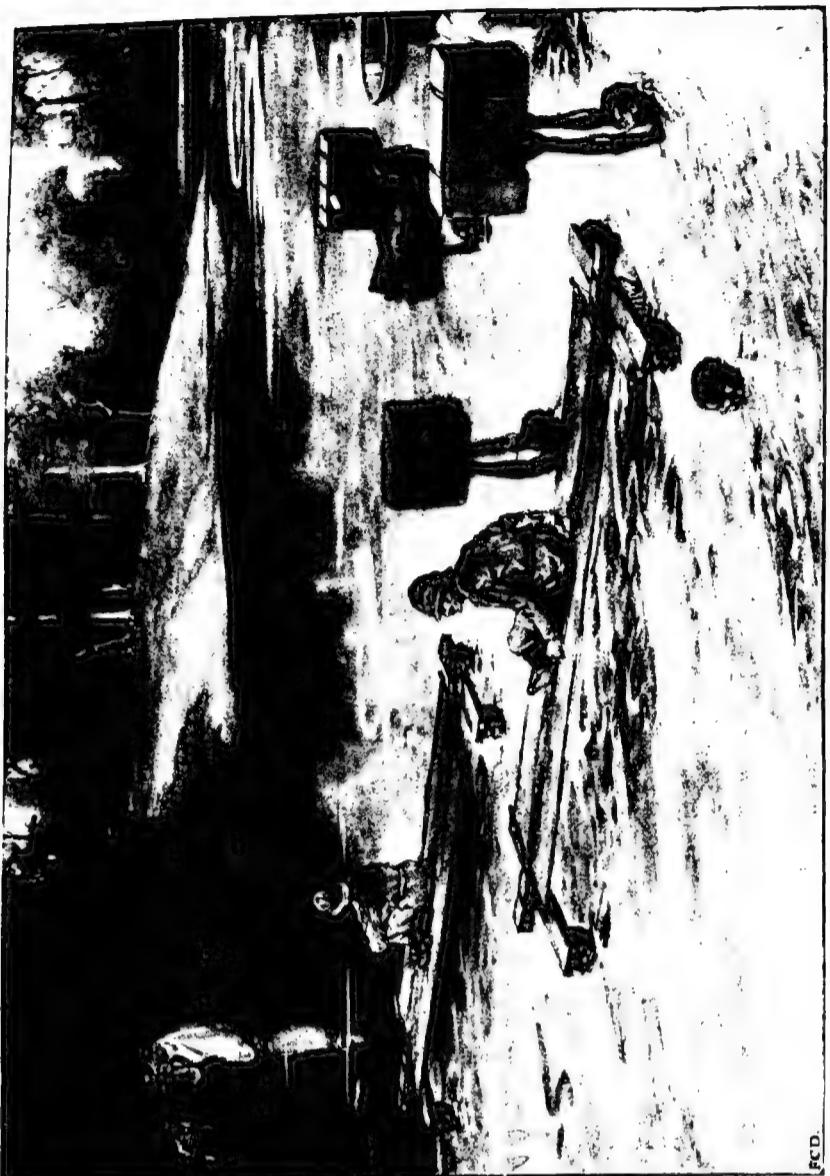


A LECTURE ON TIME FUSES : A SKETCH IN THE WHALE ISLAND GUNNERY SCHOOL
THE NAVY LEAGUE'S TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

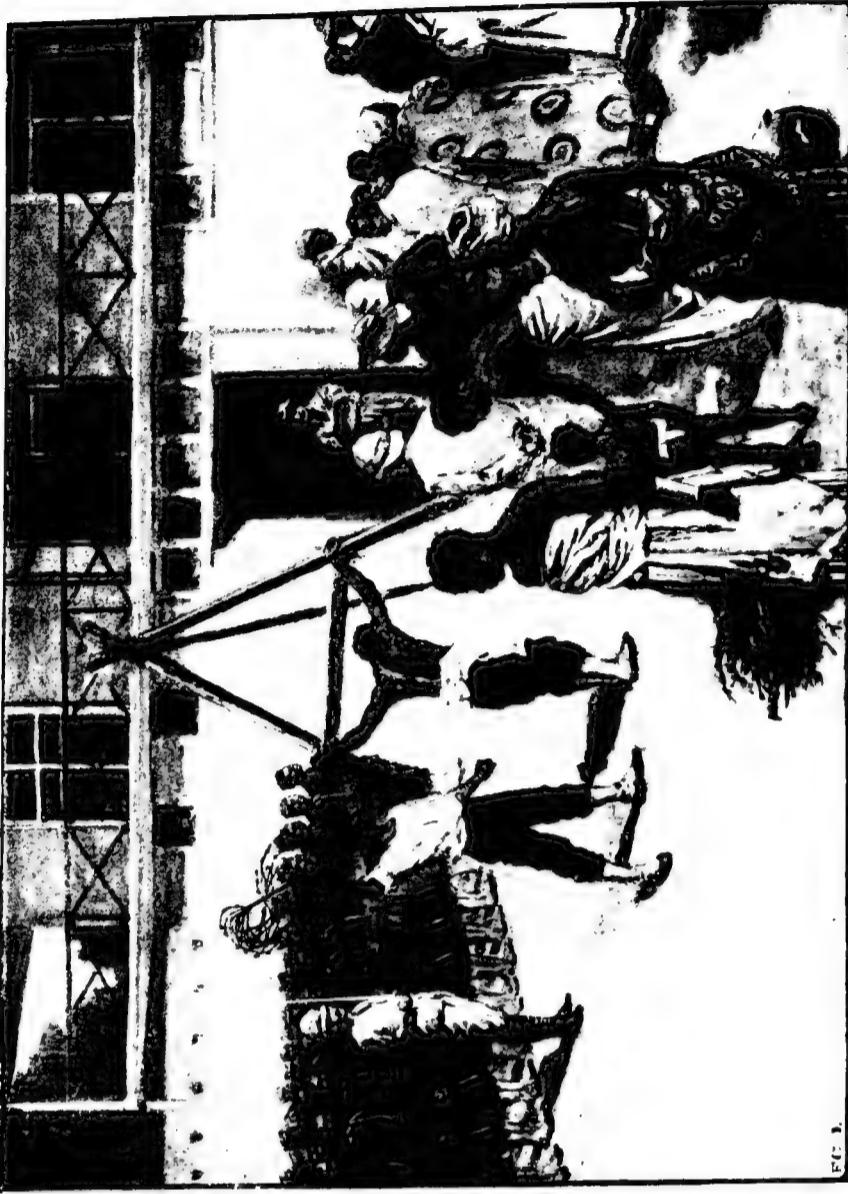
destroyed the promenade. It will be curious to see whether the patronage of practical cricketers will be sufficient to maintain the prosperity of Lord's without the direct and indirect aid of the purely social element.

One outcome of the recent alteration is almost certain to occur within a measurable distance of time—to wit, that the Universities and the Public School matches will cease to be played in London. There were formerly many objections to these being played here, but those were overruled by the desire of the majority of the parents and relations of the boys to have their annual picnics at Lord's. This feature being removed, it is easy to foresee that these matches will soon cease to be fixtures of the season.

THE GRAPHIC



CROSSING THE RIVER PRAIRI DRYSHOOT



LOADING A MULE-DRAWN CART AT KUMASSI

FROM SKETCHES BY F. C. DICKINSON



FISHING ON LAKE BUSUMAKWE



COMBATING THE DIFFICULTIES OF A NEW ROUTE TO KUMASSI

FROM SKETCHES BY F. C. DICKINSON

A SURVEYING EXPEDITION TO KUMASSI

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN WEST AFRICA: WITH A

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY

CHAPTER I.

HOMELESS

ONE grey, uncertain afternoon in November, when the vapour-laden skies were without a rent, and the trailing clouds, without a fringe, were passing imperceptibly into drizzle, that thickened with coming night, when the land was colourless, and the earth oozed beneath the tread, and the sullen sea was as lead—on such a day, at such a time of day, a woman wandered through Seaton, then a disregarded hamlet by the mouth of the Axe, picking up a precarious existence by being visited in the summer by bathers.

The woman drew her daughter about with her. Both were wet and bedraggled.

The wind from the east souffled about the coves, whistled in the raked trees, and hissed through the coarse sea-grass and withered thrift; whilst from afar came the mutter of a peevish sea. The woman was tall, had fine features of a powerful cast, with eyes in which slumbered volcanic fire. Her cheeks were flushed, her rich dark hair, caught by the wind and dappled by the mist, was dishevelled under her battered hat. She was not above thirty-six years old.

The girl she held and drew along was about eighteen. She partook of her mother's sinewiness of profile and darkness of eye. If there were in her features some promise or threat of the resolution that characterised her mother's countenance, it was tempered by a lurking humour that would not suffer them to set to hardness.

This woman, holding her daughter with a grip of iron, stood in the doorway of a farm, talking with, or rather at, the farmer.

"Why not? Have I not hands, arms? Can I not work? Will not she work? Prove us. I ask why you cannot take us in?"

"My good woman, we require no one."

"But you do. You have needed me. When your wife was ill, and your hussy of a maid had run away—did you not send for me? Did I hesitate to go to you? I left then my huckstering that I might be useful in your house. That was the hour of your need. Now it is mine. Did I not at that time do my work well? Perhaps over well. Your wife said I had scrubbed the surface off the table and rubbed into hole the clothes I washed. Anyhow I did naught by halves. And your drones, they guzzle and sleep, and when you are in straits—there is sickness, disaster—then they run away. Take me and Winefred."

"My dear Mrs. Marley, it is of no avail your persisting to thrust yourself on us. You can't stable more horses than you have stalls. I have no vacancy."

"Your missus has turned away Louie Herne."

"And has engaged one in her place."

"Then give us leave to sleep in your barn, and I'll work in the fields for you, hoeing, weeding, gathering up stones—aye, better than a man."

"No, thank you. I do not care to have my barn burnt down. You have too much fire in you to be safe among straw."

The woman quivered with disappointment and rage. Erect, with rigid arms and stiff neck, she flared out: "Aye! I could tear down your stacks, or fire them. I am 'Dear Jane Marley' when you need me. 'Out, you vagabond,' when I am in need."

"If you dared do what you threaten," said the farmer, suddenly becoming harsh in tone and manner, "into prison you should go, and then, indeed, your Winefred would be a vagabond, and all through you."

The woman shut her mouth, but sparks scintillated in her eyes.

"Mother, let us go elsewhere," said the girl, and endeavoured to draw her mother away.

"Not yet," answered the woman impatiently. "Do you not know, Moses Nethersole, that I and my Winefred are homeless? My cottage has gone to pieces, and the whole cliff is crumbling away. The wall is down already, and the limeash floor is buckled up and splitting. No one now may go nigh the place. It needs but the hopping of a wagtail to send the whole bag of tricks into the

wheat, the rot to your sheep, to your cattle, the worm and canker to your store, and fester into your blood. It is the curse of the widow and the fatherless that will lie on you."

The farmer slammed his door in her face, and retreated to the kitchen. He was a phlegmatic and amiable man, but the fury of the woman, and her denunciation of woes had shaken him; his ruddy face was mottled, and his hand shook as he let himself down into the settle.

"By my soul, she's a vixen!" he gasped.

"Moses," said his wife, "you've done right. If I hadn't been minding ironing of your shirt-front for Sunday, I'd have gone out and given that same vixen a bit of my mind."

"I wish you had, Mary—I'm no match for the likes o' her."

"If I had heard the smallest mite o' wavering in your voice, I would have done so for certain," said Mrs. Nethersole; "and so you call her 'dear Jane,' do you? Things come out unexpected at times, and Mistress Marley is she? You know as well as I do that she is no honest woman, howsoever she may brag of her honesty. She is just a wild lostrel as has got no belongings, save that girl as never ought to have come into this world of wickedness."

"Mary, perhaps its all along of it being a world of a wickedness that she did come. Jane Marley's case is a sad one. She has been driven from her cottage."

"Turned out?"

"The cliff has given way. You know where it stood."

"Not I—it is on the other side of the water."

"It was on the edge of the cliff, and the rock has been breaking away for some time—that is how she had it cheap. Now it is part down, and they say there be a great crack right along the ground—and the whole cliff will go over, and be munched by the waves."

"That's no concern of ours, Moses; she does not belong to the parish."

"True, but she has worked for us when we were short and in difficulties."

"And was paid for it—and we wiped our hands of her."

"Mary, you are over hard."

"And you like butter on dog days. I know you men. Dear Jane, indeed!"

Mrs. Marley, with labouring bosom, heaving after the storm, drew her daughter with her into the village street, to the village inn, the Red Lion, kept by Mrs. Warne.

She walked in, with a manner almost defiant, and encountered the landlady issuing from

the cosy parlour behind the bar, in which a good fire burnt, and where sat a couple of commercial travellers.

"I have come," said Jane Marley, "and have brought my Winefred. Our house is going to pieces under our feet, over our heads, and we are homeless. I desire that you take my child and me. I do not ask it as a favour. Look at my arms. I can work, and will be an ostler for you, and she shall serve in the inn."

"I really do not require you," said Mrs. Warne. "I am sorry for your misfortunes, but I cannot help. You do not belong to this parish."

"And are love and mercy never to travel beyond parish bounds?" asked the woman, with her vehemence again breaking out. "Is the tide of charity to flow on one side of the hedge and not on the other? Is the dew of heaven to moisten the wool on the fleece of the parish sheep only?"

"Jane, be reasonable. Our duties are limited by the parish boundaries, but not our charity."



"For a moment Winefred was petrified with horror. For a moment she was unresisting as the powerful woman gathered her up and strode with her to the verge, the water oozing about her from the soaked garments under the pressure"

sea. And you—you have the heart to deny us shelter and bread, and work whereby to earn both."

"Bread you shall have and a cup of milk."

"I will have neither as an alms. I ask no charity. I desire to work for my meat and for my housing. Have I not done so like an honest woman hitherto? Would you make a beggar of me? Give me work, I ask. I seek nothing more."

"Mother, come away," pleaded the girl.

"I will," said the woman curtly, and turned round with an abrupt action. Then suddenly she stooped, stripped off her shoes, and, running forward as the farmer backed, she beat the soles against the doorposts.

"There," she said, "there is Scripture for you. I cannot shake off the dust o' my feet as testimony against you, but I can the mud and the oozing of the water from the sodden leather. May that cling there till the Day of Judgment, and bring the blight to your

THE GRAPHIC

"Then extend some charity to Winefred and me, not alms, mind you, only consideration."

"Charity must be governed by circumstances," said Mrs. Warne.

"Oh, yes," retorted Jane, scornfully. "It is like a canal, so much of it let out through the sluices as the dockkeeper thinks well."

"If you will be patient," said the hostess, a woman rubicund, plump and good-humoured, at the moment impatient to be back with the commercials, especially with one who had an engaging eye and tongue. "If you will be patient, I will tell you how I can oblige you. I do not mind taking on Winefred."

"But Tom Man, your ostler, is dead."

"Well, but I must have a man in the stables, not a woman."

"No," said Mrs. Marley, "I will not leave the child unprotected in a public-house. See me, I have neither father, nor mother—no relation of any sort. What my story is, that concerns none but myself; but, such as it is, it has made me alone, with only my child to love. All the love you have to your mother and sisters and brothers and cousins, that with me is gathered into one great love for the one child I have. Where she is there am I. She is a handsome girl, blooming as a rose. No, I will not let her be seen in a tavern, unless I be near also to watch over her against your leering bagmen."

Mrs. Warne bridled up.

"Bagmen, indeed! Tut, woman, surely you may trust me."

"I can trust none. You are not her mother. You must take us both."

"I cannot receive you both. I have made you a fair offer. If you will not accept, go over the river to your own parish."

Then Mrs. Warne retreated into the bar, shut the door, drew down the window, and went to the fire and the commercials. Jane Marley left the Red Lion. The cloud darkened on her brow.

She said no word to her daughter, but directed her way up the street to a small shop, in which already a light was burning.

In the greensand beds about Seaton, or rather on the beach, washed from them, are found chalcedonies, green and yellow, red jasper, and moss agates, also brown petrified wood that takes a high polish. There was a little dealer in these at Seaton, an old man who polished and set them, and sold them as memorials to visitors coming there for sea bathing and air. To this man, Thomas Gasset by name, the distressed woman betook herself.

He was sitting at his work-table, with a huge pair of spectacles in horn rims over his nose, engaged in mounting a chalcedony as a seal.

He looked up.

"Got some stones for me, Mrs. Marley?" he asked. "I hope good ones this time. Those Winefred brought last were worthless."

"No, Mr. Gasset, they were not," said the girl. "I know a stone as well as you."

"Thomas Gasset," said the mother, "I come to you with a proposal. Will you take Winefred and me into your service? That is to say, let us both lodge with you. She shall collect the precious pebbles, and as she says she knows one that is good from another that is worthless, she can help polish, turn the grindstone, if you will; and I will go about the country selling them, instead of tapes and papers of pins—or with them."

"My dear good creature," gasped the jeweller—as this dealer in such stones as jasper and agate elected to be called—more correctly a lapidary—"the business would not maintain all three. The season here is short, and I sell in that only."

He looked out of the corners of his eyes at his wife, who was darning where she could profit by his lamp. She pursed up her lips and drew her brows together.

"The business is a starving, not a living," said Mrs. Marley, "because it is not pushed. I have just been in at the Red Lion—there are commercials, them travelling for some haberdash or hosiery firm—they work up the trade. It pays to employ them. You make me your traveller. I will go about with your wares to Dorchester, to Weymouth, to Exeter—wherever there be gentlefolk with loose money to spend in such things. It will pay you over and over again. If this sort of working a business can keep those commercials in the lap of luxury in Mrs. Warne's bar, drinking spirits and dining off roast goose, it will keep me who never take anything stronger than milk, and am content with a crust and dripping. Let me travel for you and look to this as my home, where Winefred is."

"No," said Mrs. Gasset, snapping the answer from her husband's mouth; "no, indeed, we take none under our roof who can not produce her marriage lines."

"Then I will lodge elsewhere if you will take my child, Mr. Gasset. You may trust her. Your goods will be safe with me. I will render account for every stone. You will have as security what is more to me than silver or gold—my Winefred."

The man again peered out of the corners of his eyes at his wife, and again she answered for him.

"No," she said. "I don't doubt your honesty. You have been honest always save once. But there are reasons why it cannot be. That is final."

And she snapped her mouth and—at the same moment broke her darning needle.

Jane Marley left the shop.

When her back was turned Mrs. Gasset flew at her husband.

"You'd have given way—I saw it by the way you twitched the end of your nose."

"My dear Sarah! it was such an opportunity. The woman is right—my business—"

"Oh! much you thought of your business. It was her great brown eyes—not your agates."

"My dear Sarah! surely at my age—"

"The older man is—the more of a fool he becomes."

"Well, well, my honey-bee, I didn't."

"No, you didn't, because I was by," retorted the honey-bee, and put forth her sting. "If I had been underground, you'd have taken her in. I know you; yah!"

And in the little parlour behind the bar, the comfortable Mrs. Warne settled herself before the fire, and drew up her gown so as not to scorch it—and looked smilingly at the more attractive bagman of the two, and said, "Ah! Mr. Thomson, if you only knew from what I have saved you."

"From what, my dearest Mrs. Warne?"

"From fascinations you could not have resisted. There has been

here a peculiarly handsome woman wanting a situation—as ostler. If she had come there would have been no drawing you from the stables."

"Madame—elsewhere perhaps—but assuredly not here."

The women were all against Jane Marley because she was still good-looking.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE VERGE

JANE MARLEY wrapped her shawl about her; her head was bowed, her lips set, her grip on her daughter unreleased.

She turned from the village, and walked along the shingly way to the water's edge. The Axe flows into the sea through a trough washed out of the blood-red sand stone that comes to the surface between the hills of chalk; but the fresh water does not mingle with the brine unopposed. A pebble ridge has been thrown up by the sea at the mouth, that the waves labour incessantly to complete, so as to debar the Axe from discharging its waters into it. Sometimes high tide and storm combine to all but accomplish the task, and the river is strangled within a narrow throat; but this is for a time only. Once more the effluent tide assists the river to force an opening which the inflowing tide had threatened to seal.

One of the consequences of this struggle ever renewed is that the mouth has shifted. At one time the red Axe discharged to the west, but when a storm blocked that opening it turned and emptied itself to the east.

On the further side, that to the rising sun, the chalk with dusky sand stone underneath rears itself into a bold headland, Haven Ball, that stands precipitously against the sea, as a white, cold shoulder exposed to it. Up a hollow of this hill, acombe as it is called, a mean track ascends to the downs which overhang the sea, and extend, partly in open tracts, in part enclosed, as far as Lyme Regis.

There is no highway. The old Roman coast-road lies further to the north, but there is a track, now open, now between blasted hedges, always bad, and exposed to the gale from the sea and the drift of the rain.

But to reach this, the Axe estuary must be crossed. This is nowadays a matter of one penny, as there is a toll-bridge thrown from one bank to the other. But at the time of my story transit was by a ferry-boat, and the boat could ply only when there was a sufficiency of water.

Jane Marley seated herself on a bench by the landing-stage, and drew her daughter down beside her.

The wind was from the south-east, and spat cold rain in their faces. She passed her shawl round Winefred, regardless of herself.

Presently up came the ferryman.

"Good e'en, Mistress Marley. Do you want to cross again?"

"Yes—when possible."

"In ten minutes. Will you come under shelter into my cabin?"

The woman shook her head impatiently.

"You will get wet."

"I am wet already."

"And cold."

"We may be colder presently."

"Poor comfort I call that," said the boatman. "But you was always a headstrong, difficult woman, hard to please. Where be you going to, now?"

"Where I shall be better off than I am here."

Presently Jane raised her face, streaming with rain, and said, "There are springs hereabouts that turn the moss into stone, and the blades of grass are petrified to needles. I reckon that the spray of these springs has watered the hearts of the people; they are all stone, and the stone is flint. I shall go elsewhere."

"It is a long way to Lyme—if you be bound thither. And over the cliffs it is exposed as well, and not safe with the falling darkness. I do not say this on your account. You, Jane, are not one who cares for length of way and badness of weather. But I speak for pretty Winefred's sake."

"I am her mother, and I am the person to consider her, not you, Oliver Dench."

"No offence meant. But my cat had kittens, and when all were drowned but one, she carried that remaining one about in her mouth everywhere, and never let it go till she had nipped the life out of the kitten; and, I swear, you remind me of that cat."

Then ensued a silence that lasted for some minutes. The ferryman reopened the conversation.

"I suppose you knew it was coming."

"Knew what?" asked she.

"That the cottage would go to pieces."

"Yes. I got it cheap because of the risk."

"And now, I make bold to ask, what have you done with your furniture?"

"There is not much. What I have is there. I have no house into which to move it. In the parish I am refused—in Seaton they cast me back on the parish, and the parish casts me off altogether."

"You do not belong to it by birth?"

"No. I belong nowhere. I have no home."

"But are you not afraid your bits of furniture will be stolen?"

"What if they be? If there be no shelter for Winefred and me—what care I for housing a poor bedstead and a rotten chair? The great grey sea has torn away the rock on which I stood. The wall has fallen, and my house is thrown open to all. Whither shall I go? Where shall I shelter my child? We have no place."

The man shrugged his shoulders. He was a red-faced man with white hair; in the failing light of winter the red looked dull purple and the white a soiled grey.

"Come, now!" said the woman, starting up, "my affairs are none of yours. They touch you in no way. The tide flows."

She did not notice a peculiar expression that came up into his face and creamed it as she said the words, but Winefred, who was looking wistfully at him, was struck by it.

Without another word he went to the ferryboat, unfastened the chain, and held out his hand to assist Jane in.

She thrust his hand aside with a gesture of impatience, and stepped in with firm foot, then turned and helped her daughter.

Nothing was said as the man rowed across. The woman was immersed in thought of the most gloomy complexion; the daughter was too wretched to speak. The tears that flowed from her eyes were mingled with the rain that beat on her face.

The rower looked from one to the other with a sinister expression.

After the boat had grounded, when Mrs. Marley left it, he said, "You'll not go away—right away, I mean, without letting me know where you may be; because it might chance—there's no telling—there is hope yet."

He did not complete his sentence.

"There is no hope," said the woman coldly, "no more than there is sun above these clouds and this dribbling rain. The sun has gone down. After nineteen years hope dies."

Then she left him, and extending her arm, again grasped the wrist of her daughter.

"Mother," said Winefred, "Mr. Dench hates us."

"It matters nothing to us whether he hate or love. Why should he hate us?"

"That I cannot say, but hate us he does."

"All the world hates us, for all the world has money, comforts, shelter, and," she muttered in her bosom, "There are some who have a husband to care for them, and a father to watch over them. We have neither, and the sight of us, as we are, in our need, our nakedness, our desolation, is an offence, like garbage, to be swept aside and cast on the dunghill. Seaton says—Away, across the water! you do not belong to us. And Axmouth says—Away! you were not born here, and we are not responsible for you. Let us warm our feet at a sea-coal fire, and drink mulled ale, and turn into our downy beds—go you wanderers in night and cold and wet—die, but do not trouble us."

Up the steep path that led through the crease in the hillside pushed the weary mother, drawing along her yet more weary child. Yet in the passion of her heart at the contrast her imagination drew she pressed forward fast till arrested by shortness of breath.

Then in silence they continued to mount. It was a climb of four hundred feet. The woman looked neither to right nor to left. Wet trailing brambles caught at her garments with their claws. As she passed under a stunted thorn it shuddered and sent down a shower. The flints in the way lay in beds of water; the grass was slippery with rain. Dank and rotting sting-nettles, oozy, but poisonous in their decay, struck at their knees as they mounted.

"Oh, mother," sobbed the girl, when the summit was attained, and the cruel east wind slashed in their faces, splashing them with ice-cold rain, "Oh, mother, I can go no further."

"How—where can we stay? Answer me that."

"Why should we go on if we go nowhere?"

"No—we go nowhere, for we have nowhere to go to for shelter and food."

"Let us go home."

"The sea has taken it from us."

"Let us shelter somewhere."

"We must find first some one who will take us in."

"There is the Poor House."

"Not for us—we do not belong to the place. And, further, it is full."

"Let us creep into some hay loft."

"They will turn us out."

"Into the church."

"That at Axmouth is locked; that at Rousdon the roof has fallen in."

"Mother, we must go somewhere."

"So we shall—to the only shelter open."

"Is it far?"

"No."

She still hurried the girl along, now at a faster pace, for they walked on fairly level down.

The day had completely closed in; all, however, was not inky darkness. On looking behind, seen through a blur of mist, could be caught some glimmer of lights from Seaton. There was, perhaps, a moon above the clouds, but the light sufficed only to show that there was not absolute obscurity above.

It was to Winefred as though life was being left behind, and they were plunging into boundless and black despair.

A wheeling gull screamed in her ear.

Suddenly the mother halted.

The wind lashed her hair, and slapped her sodden gown. She gripped Winefred now with both hands, and turning her back to the blast and splashing rain, said, "Child! you shall know all now, now that there is no place whatever left for us. Your father has deserted you, he has abandoned me. He did this nineteen years ago. Not a word, not a shilling has he sent me. I know neither where he is, nor what he has been doing. He may be rich, he may be poor. He may be in blustering health, he may be sick or dead. Neither by letter nor by messenger have I been told—and I care not. I love him no more. I hate the man who has suffered us to come to this. Child, if a father can be stone to his own child, if a hus—if a man who has loved a woman can forget her who loved him with her whole young fresh heart—then is it a marvel that other men on whom we have no claim, to whom bound by no ties, are stone also? Child—you and I are alone. We are everything to each other. I have none but you; you have none but me. If I go, you are lost. If you go—I am no more. We are tied up in one another, to live and die together. Come on."

Again she turned and faced the tearing rain-laden wind.

"Mother, I cannot take another step," sobbed the girl.

"We have not far to go."

"Mother, I hear the sea; you have lost the way."

"I know my course."

"There is no path here."

"I know it; paths lead to men and their homes—to firesides and warm beds."

"We are on the cliff."

"I came to the cliff."

"We are drawing to the edge!"

"I know it; we are at the very brow."

"But what if we fall over?"

Then with a hoarse voice Jane Marley said, as she held her child with a firmer grasp, "Why then, we shall not feel the wind and the cold and the rain and our weariness, we shall say good-bye to a stony world. There is no other refuge for us outcasts. Locked in each other's arms, mother and child must die."

For a moment Winefred was petrified with horror. For a

But it was for a moment only. In that moment it was to Winesford as though she heard the sea in louder tone, multiplied five-fold, laugh and smack its lips, conscious that living beings with human souls were to be given to it to tumble and mumble, to pound on the pebbles and hack on the reefs. It was as though she saw through the darkness the cruel ocean throw up spray-draped arms to catch and clutch her as she fell.

But the moment of pause and paralysis was over. With a shriek and a knotting together of all her powers, and a concentration of all her faculties, she writhed in her mother's arms and fought her. She smote in her face, she tore at her hair, she turned and curled, and gathered herself into one muscular ball, she straightened herself, and threw herself backward in hopes of overbalancing her mother. "I will not!" she shrieked. "Let go! I will not." Instead of freezing rain trickling down her brow, the sweat broke out in scalding drops. Her blood surged and roared in her veins and hammered in her ears. Fire danced before her eyes—then there came a falling. O God!—a falling—

And then a stillness.

"What is this?"

And a light smote into her face.

(To be continued)

The Bystander

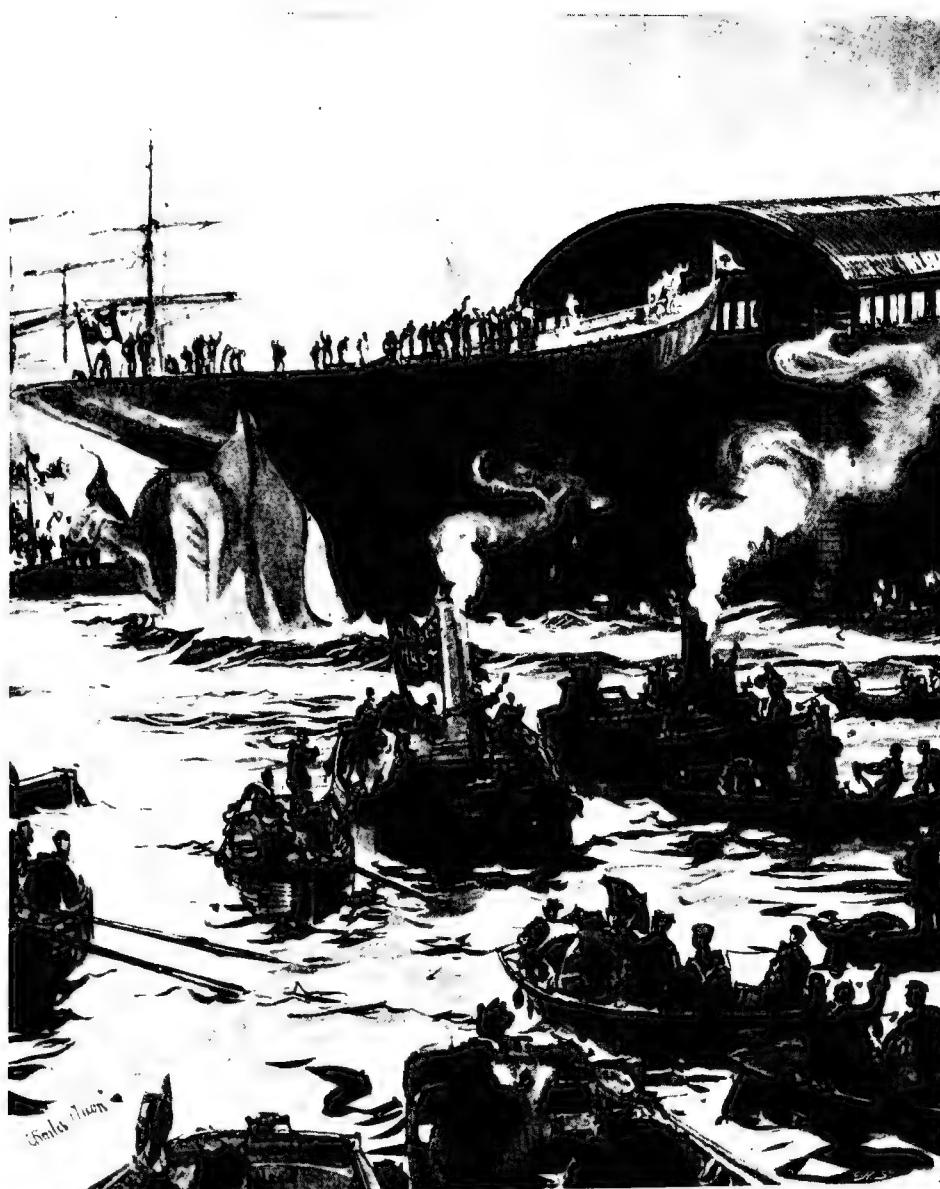
"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

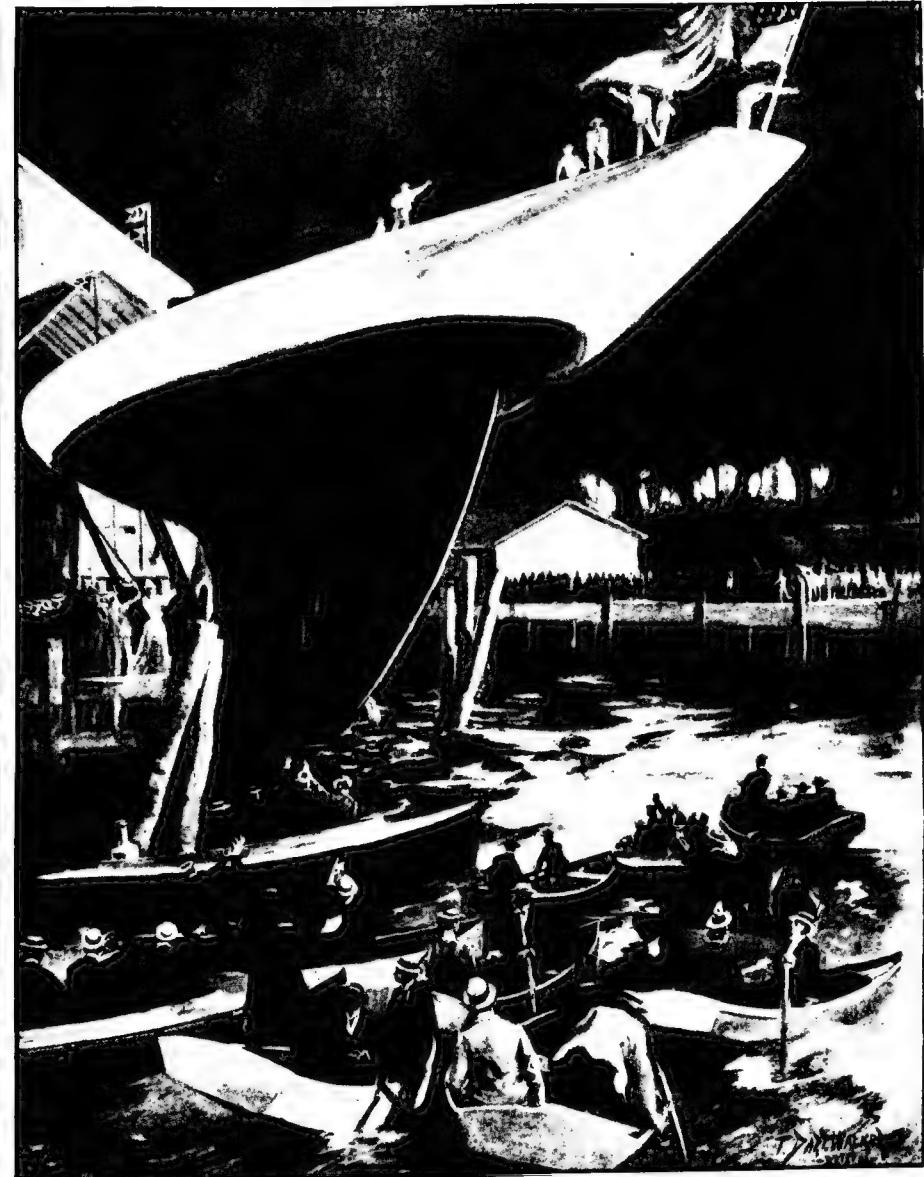
RULES and regulations are capital things, but it is just possible that an institution may be spoiled by being over-ruled and over-regulated. It is sincerely to be trusted this will not be the case with the Henley Regatta. What with boozing the course, the orders with regard to the traffic, and the diminution in the number of houseboats, the regatta as a spectacle is likely to be shorn of its usual brilliancy. I see it is reported that there are only fifty-two boats placed, and out of these there are only twenty-five houseboats. A year or two ago, it is said the number of boats placed on the west bank of the river was one hundred and twenty. But longer ago than that I can remember carefully counting the number of craft placed from end to end of the course, and I made it considerably over two hundred. The owners of houseboats were ever the most generous subscribers to the regatta fund, and it is to be feared this

who hunts all over the room for his spectacles, and, after using a deal of impressive language, finds them on his nose, and that he has been gazing through them all the time. Again, another example exists when you gaze steadily at the title of a railway-station, and do not realise that it is where you want to descend till the train has once more started. Or, when you wish to introduce two people—whom you know perfectly—to one another, and quite forget the names of both. Or, when making a call, and the door is opened, you entirely forget the name of the person whom you wish to see. Or, when you are about to tell a special anecdote or make some apposite remark, the whole thing vanishes from your mind altogether. These instances might be multiplied to infinity. An old friend of mine who stayed somewhat late at an evening entertainment, found himself talking to his hostess, and seeing a somewhat bored expression on her countenance, discovered he was the only remaining guest. He glanced at the clock, and said, "Dear me! I had no idea it was so late. Most delightful evening! Do you know I was quite under the impression that I left an hour ago!" This was probably another variation of the malady alluded to.

Can nothing be done to punish the criminal carelessness of those who fling lighted matches about? Anyone with a grain of common



THE LAUNCH OF THE "SHAMROCK," AT SAMUDA'S YARD, MILLWALL



THE LAUNCH OF THE "COLUMBIA," AT HERREHOFF'S YARD, BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND

THE RIVALS FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP

RENEWED interest was aroused in the coming contests for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, won by the *America* in 1851, by the launch of Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht *Shamrock*, which was successfully accomplished from Samuda's shipbuilding yard at Millwall. She is said to be strongly built, and fit to make the Atlantic voyage, but nothing has been made known as to the quality or sizes of the material she is built of. One thing, however, is certain, that a yacht built at the outset fit to cross the Atlantic must be at a disadvantage with the defender of the cup built near the scene of the contests. The condition requiring the challenger to sail on "her own bottom" to New York, is, no doubt, fair enough, but it should be also stipulated that the cup defender should be built for the contests in a similar manner, and not have to be strengthened in case she crossed the Atlantic Ocean to race on the British coast. Sir Thomas Lipton has built the *Shamrock*, 93 ft. on the load line, from a design by Mr. W. Fife, jun., and having been constructed by Thornycroft, she was launched a few days ago. All that has been said about her is conjectural. It can, however, safely be stated that she is a vessel with an old-fashioned (fifty years ago) type of bottom, with a deep fin keel heavily loaded with lead. Her sail spread, it is reported, will exceed that of *Valkyrie III.* and of *Defender*, but the exact area has not been revealed.

The *Columbia*, which is to defend the cup, is of much the same form as the *Shamrock*, but her beam apparently is slightly greater, and it is quite possible that her sail area may also be greater. Her draught of water is said to be 21 feet 6 inches, and that of *Shamrock* 22 feet, but as the "tape" will not go round them in the manner of the British rule, nothing is known with certainty.

Countless communications have reached me with regard to the moth-plague, from which I gather that it is prevalent in all directions. Now it strikes me that Science is but a poor thing if it cannot tackle this nuisance. Science certainly makes itself very busy, but it generally turns its attention to what have not been aptly described as "improvements the wrong way up." It loves to obliterate the picturesque features of the country and to ruin private property. Why cannot it turn its attention in another direction? For instance, towards the extermination of moths. Or, if it cannot accomplish this, why cannot it invent a moth-proof cloth? There is a fortune—indeed, several fortunes—in store for anyone who will bring out such a boon to mankind. You think I am somewhat savage and bitter on the subject? Well, I am, and well I may be! The Beasts have been holding another gigantic picnic on another new coat of mine!

"You forget yourself" is an admonitory phrase with which we have all been familiar from our youth up. The other day there was a case, according to the reports in the papers, in which a man not only forgot himself, but failed to remember his address. I take this to be only an intense development of a phase that most people experience more or less. A mild form of this is the man

sense, of course, extinguishes a match before he throws it away. But there is a vast majority who have not half a grain of this useful commodity between twenty of them. The other day a van of valuable furniture was set fire to and entirely destroyed just because some thoughtless person flung a flaming match from a passing omnibus. And this is only one of the many catastrophes that are the result of such idiotic conduct. If the distribution of burning missiles in public places is not a criminal act, the sooner it is made so the better it will be for the safety of our property and persons. It is a nuisance that is everlasting on the roof of the omnibus, and many a hat has been spoiled and many a dress has been hopelessly ruined by the practice of the detestable habit. It flourishes considerably, too, in railway smoking carriages, and it was only the other day that the Bystanderian garments suffered not a little damage from a flaming vesta.

Why is there one law for omnibuses and another for trains? Why is an omnibus not permitted to carry a single passenger beyond the number for which it is licensed, when a railway carriage may be crowded to any extent? I speak feelingly, having recently travelled in a first-class carriage with seventeen other passengers, one being a very stout gentleman, who stood on my toes, more or less, for over half an hour. Now, can I bring an action against the railway company for partial suffocation and ruination of a new pair of shoes? If not, why not? If I, holding a third-class ticket travel in a first-class carriage and am discovered, I am haled before a magistrate and fined or imprisoned. But if I, in order to get better accommodation, pay an extra price, but only succeed in getting extra inconvenience, the railway company is neither haled before a magistrate, nor fined, nor imprisoned. Why is this?

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE Vandyck Tercentenary Exhibition is likely to equal the Rembrandt Exhibition in interest, and to surpass it, if not in completeness, in variety. The great festival will be held in Antwerp, and the whole of official and artistic Belgium has united to ensure a brilliant success. The adhesion has been secured of the Queen, who will lend three of the Windsor masterpieces, and of the Duke of Devonshire, who has promised his celebrated album of Vandyck's studies and sketches, while most of the great collectors of France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Holland, as well as England, will contribute. In this country a very strong committee has been formed, and the result, it is anticipated, will be startling. The exhibition opens on August 15.

The fever of "one-man exhibitions" is now raging through the town, important some of them, interesting and amusing others, while a third set concern chiefly the artists and the dealers who run them. And so the town may choose, and if it choose humour it may laugh at the sallies of Mr. E. T. Reed, at the Fine Art Society, or of Mr. F. C. Gould, at the Continental Gallery. The latter continues to make progress—not as a draughtsman, for beauteous proportion and learned anatomy he wots not of, and indeed he does not seek. But his power of seizing portraiture, and not losing it when he seeks to modify expression, is very remarkable and blithely seconds his unfailing flow of humorous invention. Mr. Reed, dealing also with the Parliamentary puppets, and also suffering, though in a far less degree, from lack of academic training, is as genial as F. C. G., and in the pages of *Punch* has produced some of the funniest drawings ever seen there—such as Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, disguised as elderly females with false noses, in a lonely corner of Hounslow Heath, just chatting over some routine question of the War Office. This drawing was not highly appreciated in Paris—they saw, and felt the point of it, and called it a "pin prick."

The collection of portraits by Monsieur Benjamin-Constant is an artistic event that should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. M. Benjamin-Constant is a master of his craft, who at his best is as certain of his likeness as of his drawing and, usually, of the characteristics of his sitter. His manner is more varied than that of any English portraitist, and some of his moods will certainly be far less cared for than others. But here in this Bond Street exhibition we are shown ladies and gentlemen of the *grand monde* of France, people who form the artistic aristocracy of Paris, pretty women and intelligent men. M. Benjamin-Constant is said to be one of the only artists, English and foreign, to whom for many years the Queen has granted a sitting, and his portrait, of which so much has been said, representing the Sovereign Lady on the throne of the House of Lords, will certainly create the deepest interest when it is shown. It is also said that the Princess of Wales has given sittings to the distinguished painter.

"Beautiful Women" have lately occupied the pencil, brush, and etching needle of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and the result (modified by one or two interesting male persons—Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Irving) is one of the prettiest exhibitions ever seen in Bond Street. We have here many ladies and many mediums—oil, water-colour, pencil and stump, pencil tinted à la Downman, etching, etching in colours, dry-point on ivory, and I know not what besides. Yet there is little that is tentative about these six score works. The series of

Mrs. Brown-Potter that is here comprises scores (it is hardly an exaggeration) of portraits—in all her various rôles, characters, and expressions; hardly a humour of the popular actress but what is here set down, swiftly, easily, with extraordinary refinement of vision and delicacy of touch. When was an actress, or other lady, ever so devotedly honoured before? Then we have ladies of distinction whose initials it is hardly becoming, or necessary, that I should fill in—Lady D—N—, the Duchess of S—, Lady C—C—, Lady E—C—, and so on; you may put the names to them yourself. The point of the exhibition lies in the matter and manner of the dainty portraiture, pleasingly wrought, with a simplicity and effectiveness that could hardly be surpassed by the orthodox three-

Music of the Week

THE OPERA

THE past week has been devoted at Covent Garden almost exclusively to repetitions of operas which had already been heard this season. MM. Jean and Édouard de Reszké have both finished their engagements and have left for the Continent, a severe loss, of course, to the company. On Tuesday of this week Madame Lilli Lehmann likewise made her final appearance. On Wednesday last week these three artists took part in a memorable performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, which, despite greatly increased prices, drew one of the largest audiences of the summer. Besides this the operas actually performed or announced have been *Don Giovanni*, *Tannhäuser*, *Norma*, *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Die Walküre* (announced on Thursday for the re-appearance as Brünnhilde of Madame Bréma) and *Aida*. Tonight (Saturday) is set apart for the first performance in its original Italian form of Puccini's *La Bohème*. The composer has come expressly to England to superintend the final rehearsals, but like most Continental composers he is not an experienced conductor, and the bâton will be wielded by Signor Mancinelli. *La Bohème* has already been given at Covent Garden in English by the Carl Rosa Company, but the cast is now to be a much stronger one, for Madame Melba will play the part of Mimì, which she has already sustained in the United States, while other rôles will be undertaken by Miss de Lussan, Signor de Lucia and Signor Ancona. Unfortunately Madame Calvé finds herself unable after all to come to London this season. She had been announced last Monday to repeat her remarkable impersonation of Carmen, but it seems she has to leave early in September on an extended tour of the United States, under Mr. Maurice Grau; and, after an exhausting season in Paris, she prefers to enjoy a rest, first at Aix-les-Bains, and next month on her poultry farm at Aveyron. This has to a certain extent disorganized the season, the more especially as several leading artists have left. However, Mr Isidore de Lara's *Messalina*, which was produced last spring at Monte Carlo, is expected towards the end of next week, when also M. Alvarez, the tenor who stands next in popularity to M. Jean de Reszké, and Madame Héglon will have arrived from Paris. A fortnight later the opera season will come to an end.

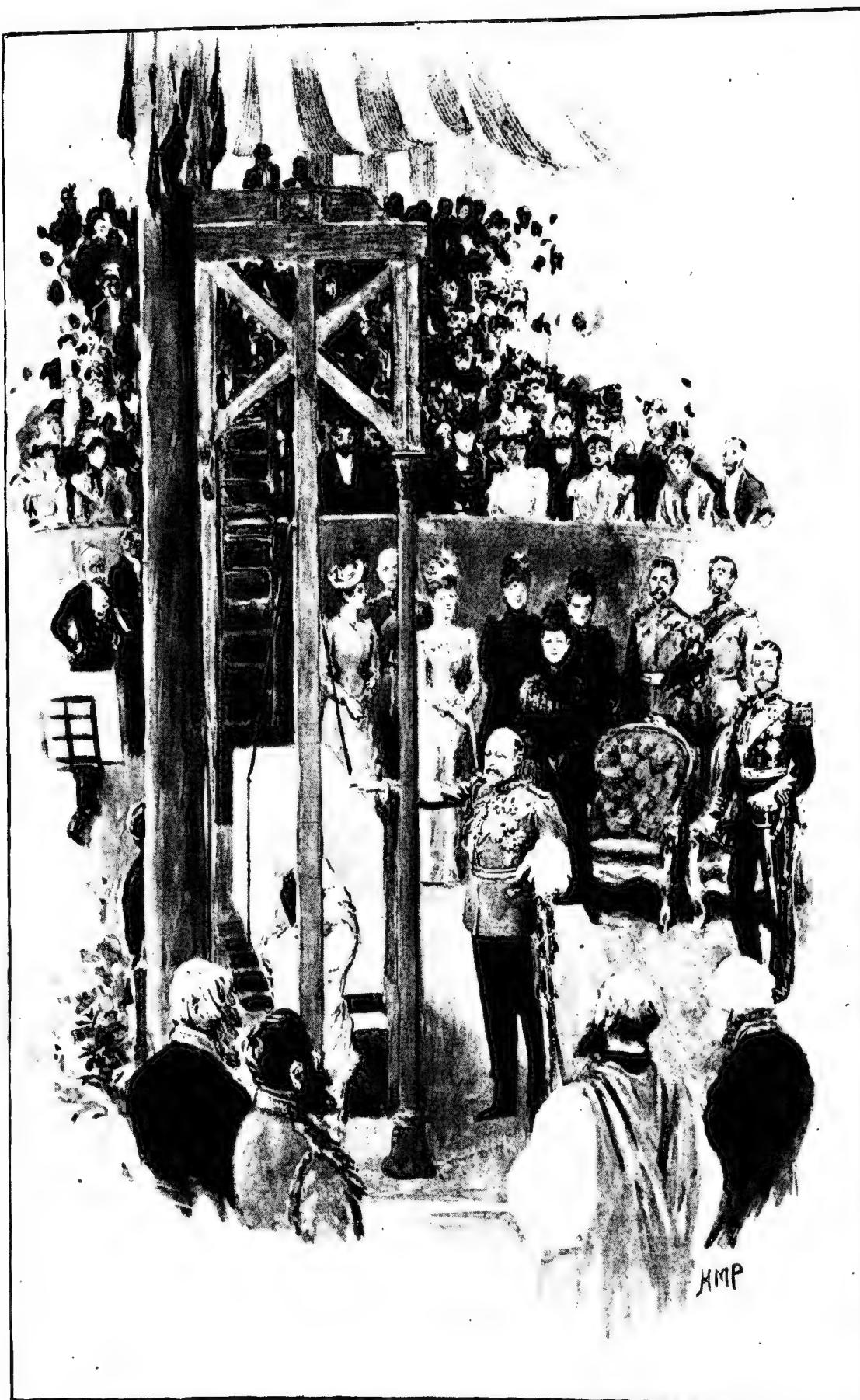
CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

The Serial concert season ends this week, for the final Richter concert was given on Monday, the last of the Elderhorst concerts (which have been in progress since the early autumn) took place on Tuesday, Mr. Robert Newman gave the last of his Orchestral Concerts at Queen's Hall on Wednesday, and Friday is announced for the final appearance this season of Madame Patti. Dr. Richter, at his last concert, produced no novelties, and the chief feature of Monday's performance was, indeed, the delightful singing by Madame Ella Russell and Mr. Ben Davies, to English words, of the love duet from *Die Walküre*. On Saturday Mr. Ben Davies took part with Madame Albani, Miss Butt, and Mr. Santley in a performance on the Handel Festival of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. At these gatherings, however, the soloists are of secondary public interest to the choristers, and a finer performance of the "Baal" choruses—some of them, by the way, taken much slower than usual—and of "Thanks be to God," than that given by this splendid body of 2,500 voices on Saturday has never before been heard at the Crystal Palace. Unfortunately the band was again far too small for so great and powerful a choir. Madame Carreño has given her last recital, with sonatas by Beethoven and Schumann and a plentiful Chopin selection. Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, has given his annual Harp Concert, and about thirty other performances of less public interest have likewise taken place.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEST KENSINGTON
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

quarter length. It is not dangerous to prophesy that we have here a style of art that society will understand and appreciate.

Mr. W. J. Laidlay writes to us: "In your issue of June 24, Mr. Spielmann asserts that I am ignorant of certain 'radical reforms' introduced by the Academy in recent years. While I am quite willing to admit that during the last sixty years the Academy may have altered some of its rules, and introduced some minor reforms, I deny that these reforms have materially altered the position of outsiders, or satisfied their just aspirations as admitted and limited by the Royal Commission of 1863. For every statement I make in my pamphlet I give my authority."





Duchess of Marlborough

Duke of Connaught

Countess Weimarland

Princess Henry of Pless

Miss Ellen Terry

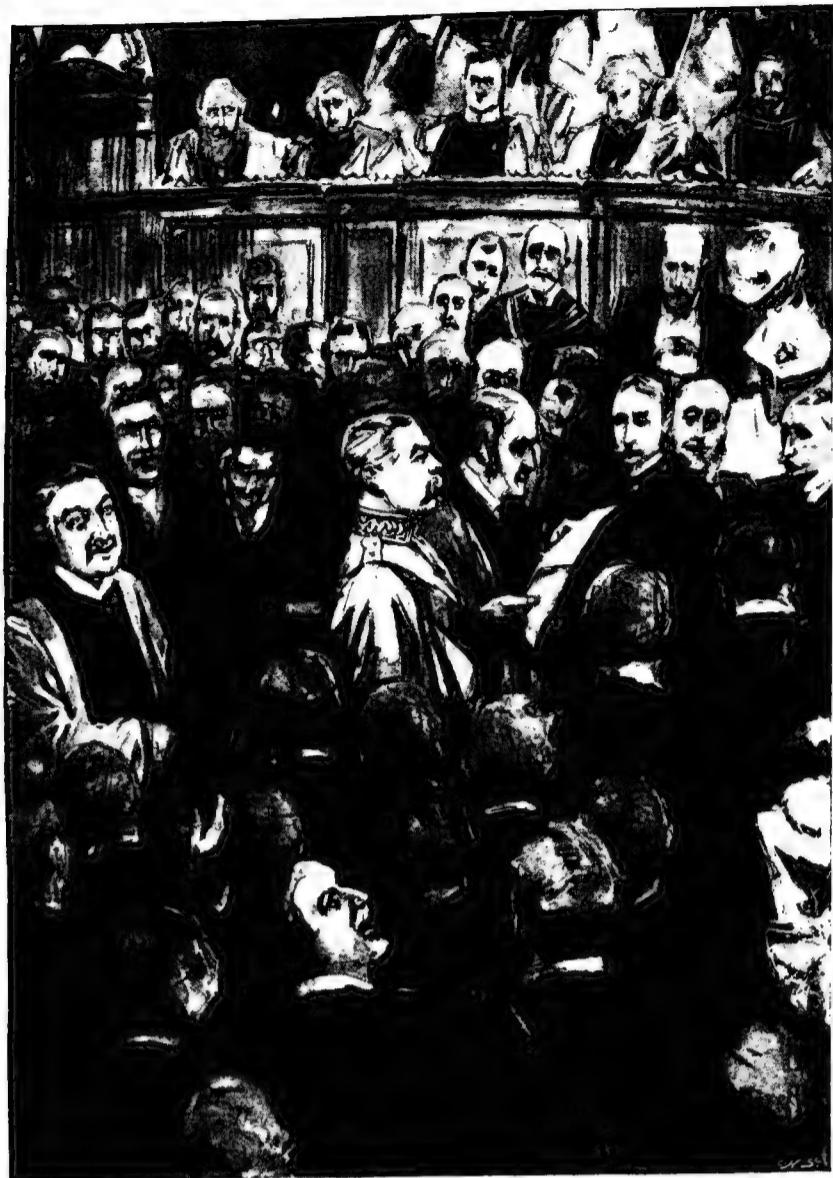
Lord Wantage

Mr. Beecham Tree

The Bazaar held at the Albert Hall in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital met with remarkable success, nearly 15,000/- having been received already, and there is more to come yet.

IN AID OF CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL: THE BAZAAR AT THE ALBERT HALL

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



DR. SHADWELL INTRODUCING LORD KITCHENER

The Commemoration festivities at Oxford attracted numbers of visitors to Oxford, and the crowd in the Sheldonian Theatre for the Encaenia was one of the greatest on record. Among the spectators were the

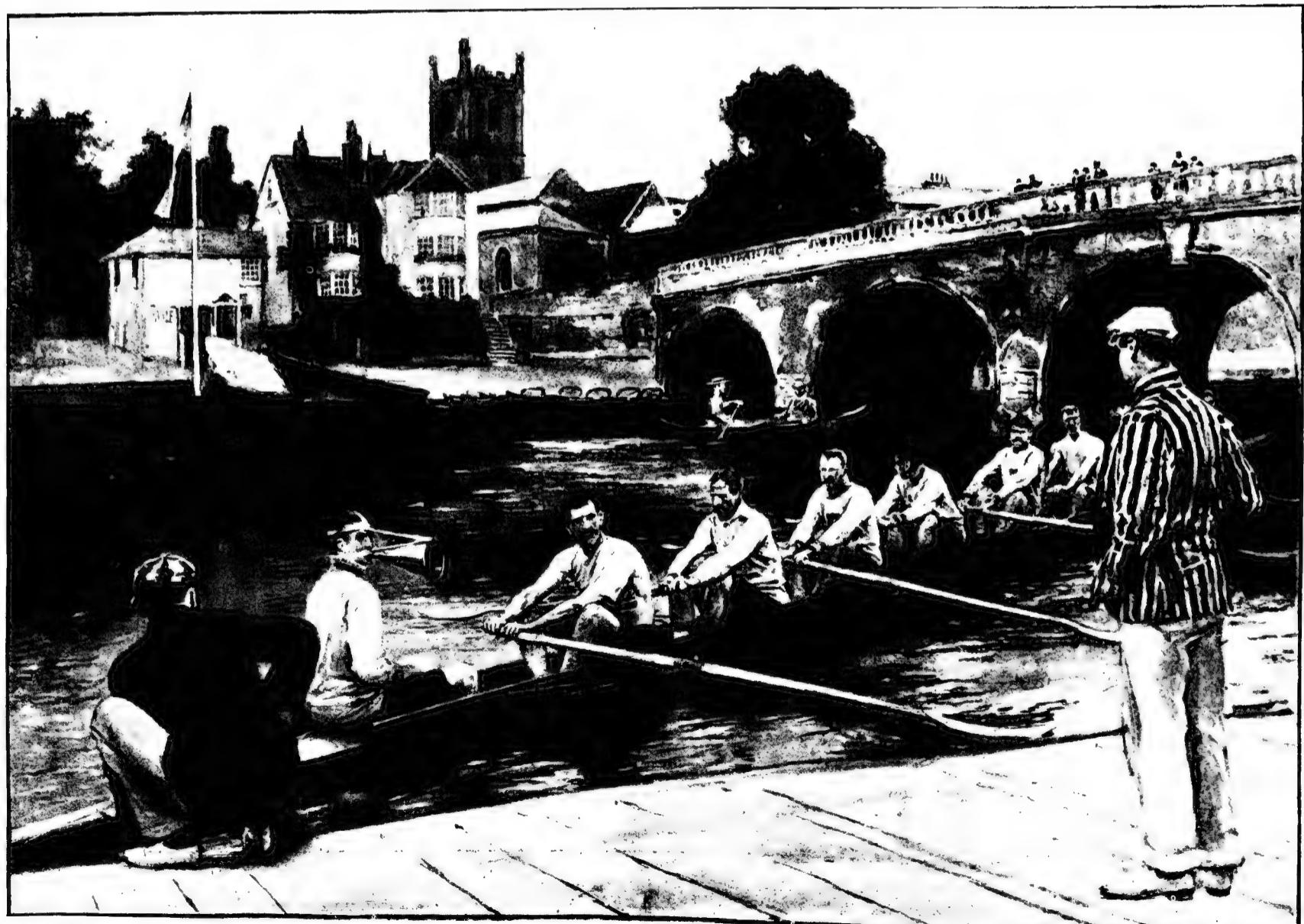
Duke and Duchess of York. Dr. Shadwell presented the distinguished persons who were to receive honorary degrees, among them being Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Lord Elgin, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

LORD KITCHENER AND MR. CECIL RHODES RECEIVING HONORARY DEGREES AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

DRAWN BY W. DUNCAN



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR PUTTING THE DEGREES TO CONVOCATION



DRAWN BY WAL PAGE

THE COX OF THE CANADIAN CREW USING A MEGAPHONE TO COACH HIS CREW
PRACTISING FOR THE REGATTA AT HENLEY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. G. CALCOTT

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

IT seems a rather dangerous experiment to wear buttonholes in France. If a crimson carnation be sported the wearer is promptly labelled a Republican, should a white carnation be preferred he is suspected of Royalist tendencies, the violet stamps him at once as a Bonapartist, and a cornflower added to the white carnation becomes the emblem of the anti-Semites. We have not advanced far since the days of the Wars of the Roses, when innocent flowers proved the watchword of sanguinary combats. Fortunately a gentleman wearing Mr. Chamberlain's orchid in England does not consider it absolutely necessary to call out an acquaintance adorned with Lord Beaconsfield's primrose. Curiously enough, women, looking like flowers themselves, have not hitherto adopted emblematic flowers. Neither roses nor lilies are identified with the cause of women's independence, and even the International Congress has not chosen any flower for its emblem. Does this mean that women are, after all, less of idealists than men?

So many people suffer from insomnia nowadays that I often wonder they do not adopt the time-honoured fashion of French kings, and, indeed, of our ancestors generally, the *en cas* by the bedside, the meal of fruit or bread and cold chicken and wine, put ready in case of wakefulness. Many a merry little meal might be eaten in the middle of the night, when thoughts crowd on the mind and care sits heavy. It is the wakeful digestion that claims its due and clamours to be fed. Our forefathers were wise, and many a hunter after old furniture knows the quaint little cupboard, with a grated door, which served for the night meal, and is now sometimes labelled a cheese-cupboard. A bedside book is of no use when the pangs of hunger make for mastery, but with a book and a "snack" one can contrive to pass some pleasant hours, even when sleep does not touch one's eyelids, and the sweet boon of unconsciousness evades one's grasp.

I hear that automotor watering carts have been adopted in Paris, scattering fine spray on the roads, and fitted with mechanical brushing apparatus. What a boon they would be in London, where the roadways in hot weather are a sea of mud, spoiling pretty shoes and delicate gowns, and adding a new terror to the cyclist's weary life. In fact the mud in summer is more to be dreaded than the mud in winter, for, in the latter case, some attempt is made at sweeping it away. It seems as if contrasts were the rule aimed at by the presiding deity of the streets. On Sundays clouds of dust, a wilderness of whirling dirty bits of paper, and a fine shower of grit and sand to enter unoffending eyes; on weekdays thick mud, puddles of water, and a dank, slippery surface. To see a woman in spotless white shoes, neat stockings, and a diaphanous clinging dress, crossing the street on a fine summer's day, is to see a sight fit for the gods, so sure is she to ruin her shoes, spot her gown, and stain her pretty stockings.

The newest thing in wedding dresses is muslin. Not the common book muslin of our mothers, but *mousseline de soie* or chiffon, an expensive and lovely fabric which drapes beautifully, and gives the wearer a classical and picturesque appearance. The satin wedding dress is hopelessly démodé and is no longer seen in Paris, where fashion has returned to the fabrics used by the Empress Josephine and her Court, such fine muslins as were brought by the Creole from her exotic home in La Martinique. Josephine was celebrated for her graceful gait as she glided across a drawing-room draped in these clinging materials, with her little scarf hanging from her shoulders, and looking like a nymph. The mode is perhaps one of the most trying possible, for modern women have too swinging and masculine a stride to look well in swaddling clothes.

The twelfth annual show of the Window Garden Society in St. George's-in-the-East will be held, and the prizes distributed by the Bishop of Stepney, on July 19. This unobtrusive undertaking does a good work in cultivating the love of flowers and spreading the knowledge of beauty in crowded alleys and the poorest streets of the East End. In the West End the very windows and balconies of the large houses afford a feast for the eye, and a perpetual joy to the pedestrian, but in the mean quarters of London a bit of green or a bright flower are inestimable treasures. In addition the cultivators of the window gardens spend many happy and harmless hours in tending them, and vying with their neighbours in the art of growing and improving their humble plants. People who have never studied the question would be surprised to see to what a pitch of perfection a working man can bring a plant grown under all sorts of unfavourable conditions. Dean Hole, in his book on Roses, tells how these very working men sometimes put him, with his staff of greenhouses and gardeners, to shame,

and certainly the roses in cottage gardens oft'n display a luxuriance and a wealth of blossom absent from the more pretentious gardens of the rich. But in London all plant-growing must be under difficulties, and is therefore still more to be applauded. The society deserves support, and especially sympathetic encouragement.

The aristocracy has not hitherto distinguished itself brilliantly in the arts. But now that education, in its thorough comprehensiveness, reaches from the higher to the lower grades, we may hope to see women of rank as serious and as completely equipped in their accomplishments as those who need to earn their bread. The Royal Family have always set a good example. Princess Louise and

More people wear glasses now than ever formerly. More children complain of their eyes, and more adults require the advice of oculists. Has not the increase of books something to do with this, but above all the bad, cheap letterpress which is devoured in railway trains, omnibuses, and waiting-rooms where the light is bad and the vibration constant? The new sixpenny editions of books will add a fresh danger. These books are read by the young and by workpeople, who often study by inferior light, read in bed or in the dusk, and must inevitably injure the eyesight. The print of almost all cheap and popular editions is very small and cramped and difficult to decipher unless people have strong eyes. Why cannot the print of standard works resemble the Tauchnitz edition, which is certainly perfection of its kind?

Rugby and Tom Hughes

SPECIAL DAY at Rugby was especially interesting this year, for it was made the occasion of doing honour to the Rugbeian who has so graphically portrayed the Rugby of his day of sixty years ago, under the great Dr. Arnold. Tom Hughes is loved not only at Rugby but by all schoolboys, and "Tom Brown's Schooldays" has delighted generations of lads who have not had the good fortune to go to Rugby. At the end of the speeches last Saturday, the company betook themselves to the School Art Museum, in the grounds of which stood the statue of the late Judge Hughes ready to be unveiled. It is the work of Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and is a good portrait of the famous Rugbeian. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, an old headmaster of Rugby, who spoke of Tom Hughes as having spread the fame of Rugby all over the world. Viscount Cross, who was present, said that he had been brought up under Arnold, and had known Tom Hughes, having been not only at school with him, but also a fellow Bencher at the Inner Temple. Mr. Goschen also spoke, and said that Tom Hughes was the most distinguished schoolboy who ever lived. The Dean of Wells and the Bishop of Hereford also spoke in eulogistic terms of the man whom Rugby was honouring on that day.



THE STATUE OF TOM HUGHES

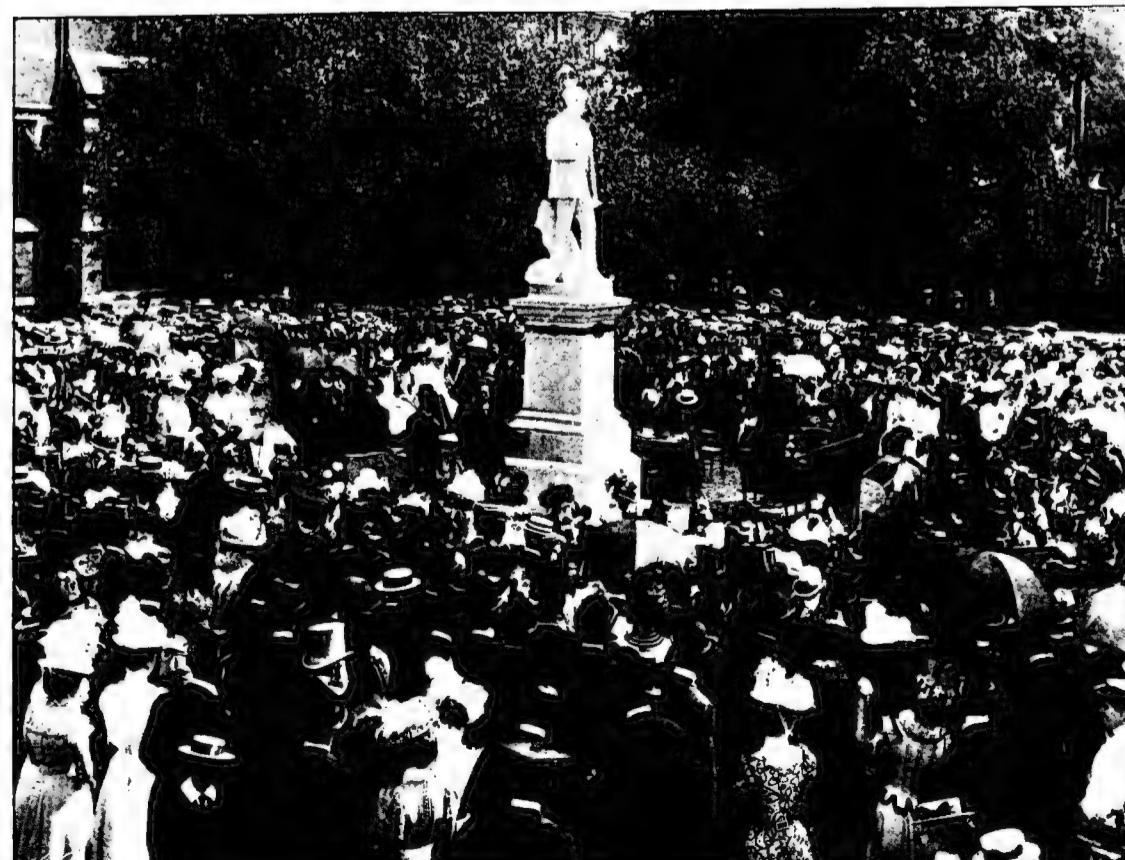
Mary, Queen of England

Few will deny that this magnificent portrait of Queen Mary is one of the masterpieces of the painter—surpassing in quality that fine full-length portrait in the possession of Her Majesty the Queen in St. James's Palace. It stands forth among several examples by the same hand as one of the most remarkable paintings on the noble walls of the Prado, b. which may be measured the mystery of Sir Antonio Moro (not Mono, as appears, through a misprint, on the plate).

This picture, No. 1,484 in the Prado catalogue, is said by some to be the one which the artist painted for the Emperor Charles V. of his majesty's English daughter-in-law. This is a mistake. The picture is no other than the marriage portrait which Moro painted for the bridegroom, Philip II. of Spain, when Mary was thirty-eight years old. This work delighted both the recipient and the sitter, and honours were conferred upon the painter by the spouses, severally and jointly. From Philip he received that usual mark of honour awarded to painters of the Renaissance and later—a gold chain of the value of 100*l.*, and from the Queen and King the appointment of "Painter to their Majesties" at the then high salary of 100*l.* a-year.

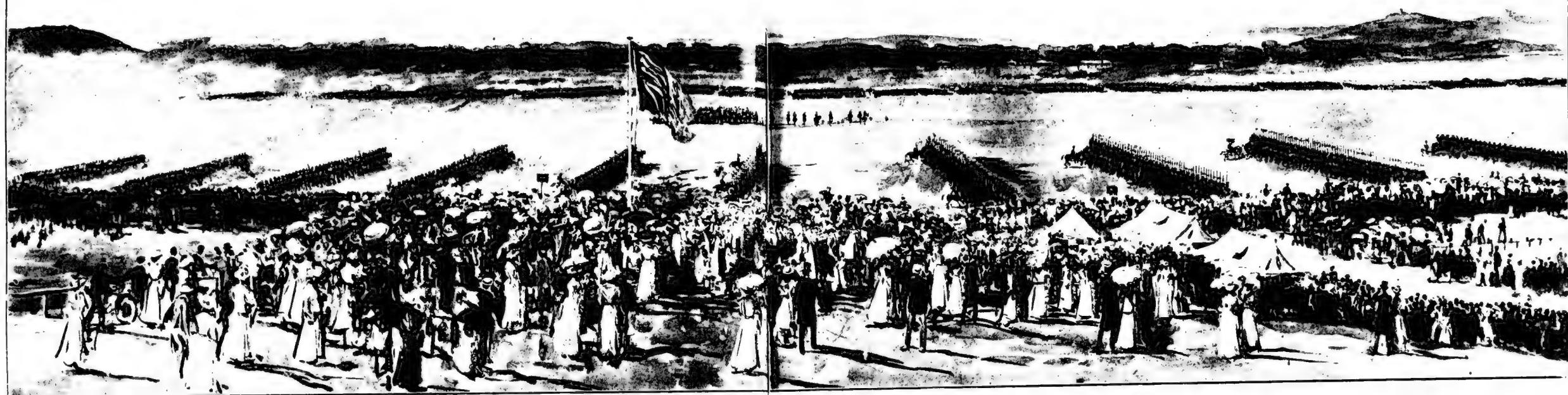
The painting of the picture is extremely fine, the colouring rich and transparent, and the modelling of the face and hands admirably lifelike. It is interesting to observe that the Queen holds in one hand the gloves, without which she never cared to be painted, in the other the Tudor Rose, while from her neck there hangs the favourite jewel which is still, or lately was, in England in the possession of a family which traces its descent back to Tudor times.

This work was copied by Sir Antonio Moro many times, says Vanmander, for presentation to members of the nobility. One of these is now in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Durham Cathedral. But the painter executed portraits of the Queen on other occasions; originals, or copies, of such works are to be found in the possession of Lord Castledown, Lord Carlisle, and others. Lucas de Heere, a rather rarely represented painter in England, painted her (either direct or from his own original painting of her) several times: three of these pictures, it may be remembered, were exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition in the New Gallery in 1890. But none of them exceed this beautiful arrangement, fine drawing, and lifelike expression; while as for finish, would it not be well if several of the more dexterous of the younger portrait painters of to-day, as seen at the International Exhibition and elsewhere, were to seek to emulate the perfect sincerity and exquisite sentiment of such a highly finished example of fine painting?



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF TOM HUGHES AT RUGBY SCHOOL

From a Photograph by George A. Dean, Rugby



A GENERAL IMPRESSION OF THE MARCH PAST THE SALUTING BASE



THE GALLOP PAST OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

THE GRAND REVIEW ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN, ALDERSHOT, BEFORE THE QUEEN

Captain Dreyfus

Women in Congress

"FORTY-FIVE years ago," an American lady told her fellow delegates at the opening meeting of the Women's International Congress, "when the first Woman's Rights movement was begun amid opposition, derision, and misunderstanding, there was not a single profession open to women, there were no municipal



President Kruger travelled to Bloemfontein to meet Sir A. Milner in a State carriage. The station was decorated, and a guard of honour was drawn up on the platform. The President of the South African Republic was met by President Steyn, the members of the Orange Free State Executive and the Town Councillors. A salute was fired on the arrival of the train, and the band played the Transvaal Volkslied. President Kruger, who was accompanied by Messrs. Smuts, Woltemans, Kromje, and Schalk Burger drove to the house of Mr. C. G. Fichardt, escorted by cavalry. Our illustration is from a photograph by Wright and Andrew, Bloemfontein.

THE BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE: PRESIDENT KRUGER'S ARRIVAL

bodies of which they could be members, there was no department of public life in which she could have a share. But now—" the beaming smile with which the speaker concluded her sentence as she glanced along the crowded rows of ladies at the Church House was conclusive enough. In the audience were nationalities as diverse and as numerous as in the other Peaceful Conference at The Hague. There were delegates from every European country, from the United States, from India, China, from the Colonies, from progressive Japan, and disfranchised

Schafileb, Mrs. Hackett Stevenson, and Mrs. Aletta Jacobson (Medicine), Madame Marchesi (Music), Miss Janet Hogarth (Clerical), and Miss Genevieve Ward (Stage), were a guarantee that the papers and discussions which form the solid work of the week should be well-informed and useful. But apart from papers and discussions, and apart from the lighter toll of conversazioni, receptions, and public meetings, the mere presence of so many women engaged in so many pursuits, was bound to be a cause and a source of good work and mutual encouragement.



SOME OF THE SPEAKERS AT THE DISCUSSION ON "THE CHILD: LIFE AND TRAINING."



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. LANOS

JOURNALISTS AT BREST WATCHING IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE CRUISER "SFAX"

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

THE GRAPHIC

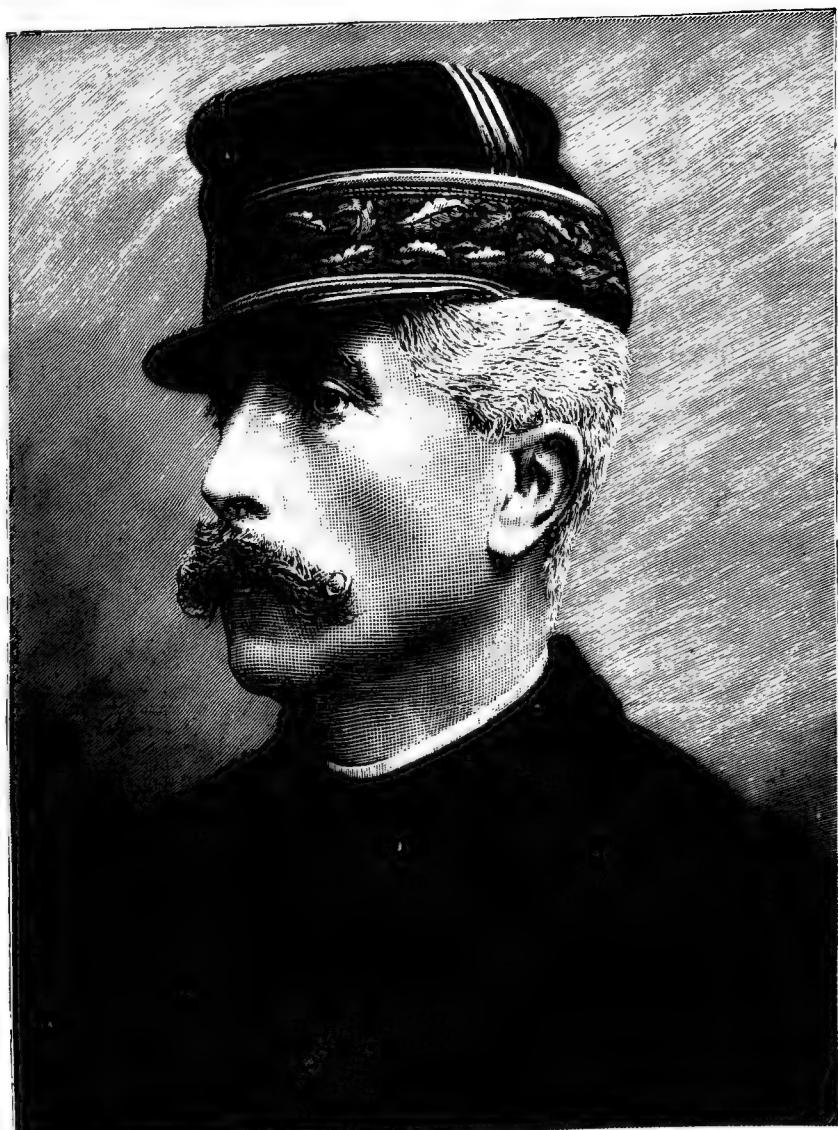
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The New French Cabinet

THE new French Cabinet which has been formed, not without some difficulty, by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, is essentially one of concentration, and includes representatives of the opposite poles of political opinion. For instance, General de Gallifet, the new Minister of War, though he announced his adherence to the Government of the Republic as long ago as 1875, is Monarchical in his sympathies, while M. Millerand and M. Pierre Baudin, the Ministers of Commerce and Public Works respectively, are Socialist Radicals. Between these, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, representing the school of Gambetta and Jules Ferry, M. Delcassé (Foreign Affairs) and M. Decrais (Colonies), formerly Ambassador in London, who are Republicans without any pronounced bearing, M. Leygues (Public Instructor), a Progressist Republican, and M. De Lanessan (Marine), ex-Governor of Indo-China, who is a Radical.

The new Premier, M. Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau, has the reputation of being a strong man and a good speaker. He is the son of a deputy, and was born in 1846. He was called to the Bar, and was practising at Rennes when, in 1879, he was elected to represent that district in the Chamber. He took his seat with the Republican Union party, and distinguished himself by presenting a Bill for the reform of the magistracy. He first took office under Gambetta as Minister of the Interior. During his tenure of that post he distinguished himself by his firmness, and especially by his action to protect the Administration from political influences. In January, 1882, he retired with his colleagues, but in the following year he received the same portfolio in Jules Ferry's Cabinet. In 1886 he joined the Paris Circuit, and since then he has made such a reputation that he makes probably the largest income ever made at the Paris Bar. He defended Eiffel before the Court of Appeal, and gave great offence by saying that Eiffel gave his glory to France. For some years past he has been a Senator.

By far the most sensational appointment is that of General de Gallifet as Minister of War. General de Gallifet is known to be a believer in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus, and to be a warm supporter of Colonel Picquart, who at one time was his aide-de camp. General de Gallifet, who was born in 1841, belongs to an old juridical family of Aix in Provence. He married the daughter of Charles Lafitte, who was a beauty of the Imperial Court. General de Gallifet, who is, in the opinion of most people, the best General in France, joined the army in 1848, and has seen very much active service. He served in Mexico under Bazaine, and received a terrible wound at Puebla. He served with rare distinction in the Crimea, and was specially mentioned in an order of the day for his gallantry before Sebastopol. He was with Napoleon



GENERAL DE GALLIFET
THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR

III. at Solferino and Magenta. He commanded the 3rd Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and served with the Army of the Rhine during the Franco-German War, when his courage won the admiration of the Emperor William I. In August, 1870, he was promoted to be General of a Brigade, and commanded a brigade at Versailles during the second

siege of Paris. In that capacity he became notorious for his severity to the Commune prisoners. Since then General de Gallifet has served with great distinction in Algeria. He was promoted to be General of Division in 1875, when he obtained the command of the 5th Division of Infantry. In 1879 he was appointed to the command of the 9th Army Corps. He is a brilliant officer, and in case of war would most likely be Commander-in-Chief. It will be remembered that he represented the President of the Republic at the marriage of the Duke of York and became very popular during his brief stay in this country. General de Gallifet is evidently determined to have no breaches of discipline while he is at the War Office, and has already transferred General Roget from his command in Paris and sent him to take charge of the 28th Brigade of Infantry at Belfort. Other officers of high rank who have been guilty of breaches of discipline have been similarly treated.—Our portrait of General de Gallifet is by Nadar, Paris.

The Masque at the Guildhall

THE very elaborate revival of the old-fashioned masque with which the Art Workers' Guild have been delighting London is interesting in a variety of ways. As a very beautiful spectacle it reflects every credit on Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. Ashbee, and all who have devoted time and money to designing the magnificent dresses and the very effective *mise-en-scène*. Viewed as an allegory it shows the awakening of London, after a sleep of centuries, to a knowledge of art and beauty, while if any like to take it as simply a fairy story charmingly set forth they will find it a very picturesque variant of the time-honoured legend of the Sleeping Beauty. Very cunningly has the allegory been interwoven with the fairy story, and very pretty indeed are some of the scenes—as, for instance, that where Beauty lies sleeping with her attendants slumbering round her, with malignant spirits hovering near. The children's dance here is as well conceived as it is admirably carried out, and Miss Una Cockerell, who dominates it, has an altogether uncommon lightness and grace. One of the most important scenes is the dream of fair cities with which the fair sleeper's slumbers are beguiled. All the fair cities of the world pass before her couch, each attended by some few of their most distinguished sons or daughters, and wonderful, indeed, is the evidence of care which is shown—care in selecting suitable types for Athenians, Venetians, and Nurembergers—care in designing their rich attire. As Venice, for example, Mrs. Ashbee wears a robe which is truly regal in its sumptuousness.



THE SPIRIT OF LIFE SPEAKING THE EPILOGUE TO TIME

"BEAUTY'S AWAKENING": THE MASQUE BY THE ART WORKERS' GUILD AT THE GUILDHALL

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

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THE GRAPHIC

"Lord Clive"

London is not among these fair cities. London is a grimy outcast, whose day of beauty has yet to come, but she is given her place at the finish, and in a splendid mantle goes on her way rejoicing, smiled on alike by Art and Commerce. The revival is so spirited and thorough in every respect—all the dresses have been specially designed and made for the grand procession round the Guildhall, which gives the audience a rare opportunity of close inspection and of realising at once the extent of the undertaking, and last of all comes an epilogue, spoken, not from the footlights because there are none, but from the front of the elaborate stage which has been specially erected. Mention, by the way, must be made of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's music, which well sustains the mediæval character of the show.

No man has a greater right to a place amongst the "Builders of Greater Britain" than Clive. To him, more than to any man, we owe our Indian Empire. Probably, no one ever did more for his country in so short a space of time as he did. His real work in India was concluded in twelve years. Sir Alexander Arbuthnot's "Lord Clive" (Fisher Unwin) is pleasant reading. The story of his life is told simply and without prejudice. Without undue praise or attempting to disguise or excuse his faults, the writer sums up Clive's character in the following words:—

Brave and daring, magnanimous and generous, possessing an inflexible will and in every sense a leader of men, he was not free from some of the defects which are usually associated with a vain and petty nature. He was greedy of praise, and resented detraction. By no means tolerant of opposition, he yet, when convinced of the ability of a man he disliked, was willing, as a matter of duty, to employ him.

* "Lord Clive." By Sir A. Arbuthnot. (Fisher Unwin.)

The history of an Empire which flourished contemporaneously with Egypt and Assyria, and which still exists well-nigh unchanged to-day, is too vast a subject to be compressed within the limits of a single volume, and Professor Douglas, in "China," the latest addition to the "Story of the Nations" series (Fisher Unwin), has wisely confined himself to the annals of the Middle Kingdom from the time of Marco Polo to the present day, a period which practically coincides with the era of foreign intercourse with China, and is, therefore, of most interest to the general reader. The greater part of the book treats of the events of the last hundred years, from the time of Lord Macartney's unsuccessful attempt in 1793 to open up diplomatic relations with China—our Ambassador was then received as "an envoy from a superior tributary State, and treated as such"—down to Prince Henry's reception last year.

A Royal Trowel

THE trowel which was given to the Prince of Wales when he laid the foundation-stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank at West Kensington is composed of solid silver, the handle being richly decorated with ornamental scroll-work and medallions, having the cypher of His Royal Highness executed in enamel.

The handle has a finely modelled coronet at the top, and the portion connecting it with the blade is composed of scrolls in trefoil, each containing a Tudor Rose in bold relief. Upon the blade is placed the full Arms of His Royal Highness enamelled in proper colours, below being the following inscription:—

"Presented to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., by the Staff of the Post Office Savings Bank Department on the occasion of the laying of the Foundation-stone by His Royal Highness on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen, 24th June, 1899." The mallet has a solid silver handle, to match the trowel, with an ebony head, having the Arms in enamel on the side, and an ornamental shield on the reverse bearing the inscription. The whole work was executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, of Regent Street, W.



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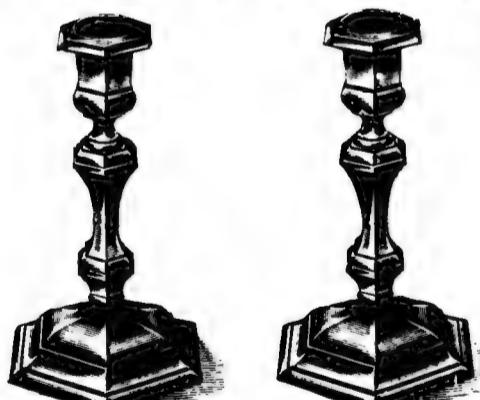
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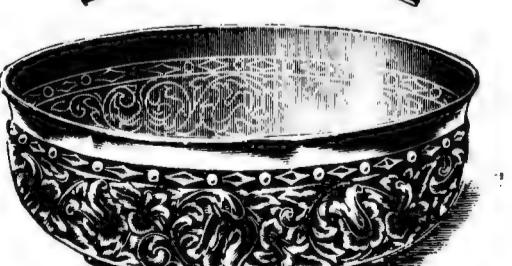
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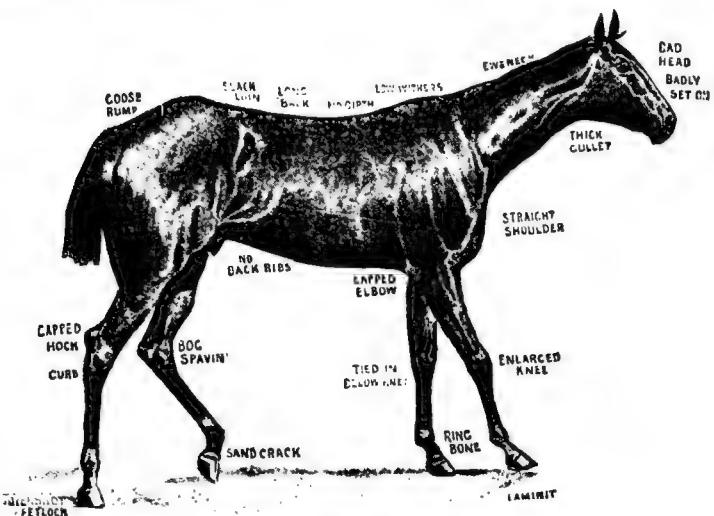
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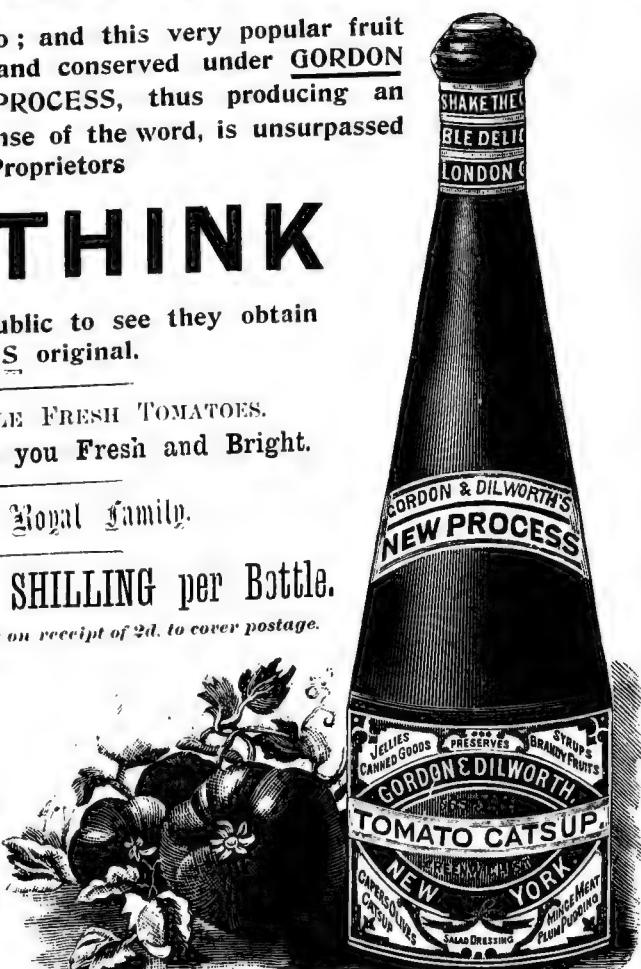
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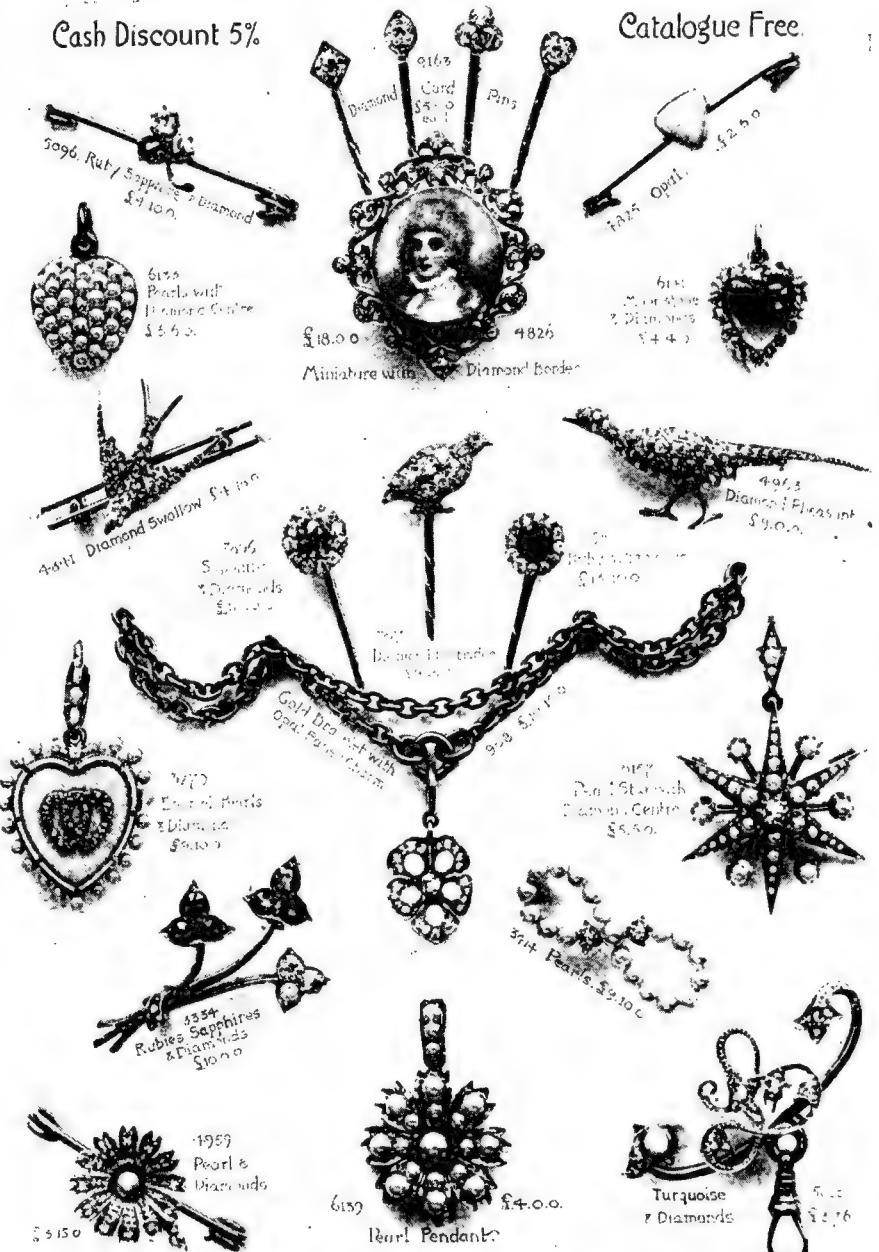
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THE GRAPHIC

24

Our Portraits

THE Stanhope Gold Medal, which is awarded by the Royal Humane Society for the most heroic act of bravery reported to the Society from any part of the British Empire each year, has for the year 1898 been awarded to Mr. Francis O'Neill, of Coalisland, County Tyrone, for his successful effort to save life at the Annaghs Coal Pit disaster, last September. On that occasion Mr. O'Neill, having heard the explosion in the mine, attempted three times to enter the pit, but each time, when about ten feet from the surface, was driven back by the after-damp, which extinguished his protected lamp. On making another attempt he heard the groans of one of the victims in the pit, and although his lamp was again put out by the after-damp, he proceeded to the bottom of the pit, about 300 feet deep, and, with much difficulty, succeeded in carrying one of the men to the cradle, where he became unconscious, and both were brought to the surface in that condition. When O'Neill recovered consciousness, he went down again, accompanied by another miner named Thomas McKenna, and they recovered another man, who, however, was dead when he was brought to the surface. The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society was awarded to McKenna, and the silver medal to O'Neill, to whom has now been added the highest award the society has to give. O'Neill, who is a married man, has suffered so much in health from the effects of the poisonous after-damp that he has been unable to continue his work, and a subscription list has been opened on his behalf as an acknowledgment from his own countrymen of his heroism.—Our portrait is by H. L. Glyn.

The by-election in East Edinburgh, which arose from the death of Dr. Wallace (Liberal), has resulted as follows: Mr. G. McCrae (Liberal), 4,891; Mr. G. H. Younger (Unionist), 2,961. The seat has been held by the Liberals since 1886, when Dr. Wallace defeated Mr. Goschen, who was returned for the constituency in 1885. Though the result is no gain of a seat the Liberals have increased their majority by nearly 1,500.

The new member, Mr. George McCrae, of Edinburgh, is essentially a local man and a recognised leader of his party in Edinburgh. He carries on the business of a hatter in Prince's Street and Cockburn Street, and is interested in the firm of Renton and Co., the large silk mercery, drapery, and outfitting warehouse in Princes Street. He is a member of the Edinburgh Town Council and treasurer of the city finances. Mr. McCrae has never before stood as a Parliamentary candidate.—Our portrait is by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Some particulars of the career of M. Waldeck-Rousseau will be found on page 20.—Our portrait is by Benque and Co., Paris.



MR. FRANCIS O'NEILL
Awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU
New French Premier



MR. GEORGE McCRAE
New M.P. for East Edinburgh

Royal show who judge therefrom of the general level of live stock breeding on an English farm. The feature of the present season has been its trying character; it has found out weak places where they existed to be found out. Not only wheat but the two other white crops have gone off badly in only too many instances, and a careful perusal of reports from different counties as well as our own inspection of what can only be described as simple average farms convinces us that wheat will not be nearly the crop of last year. Barley will be very irregular, but there should on the present promise be some fine yields in the chief malting districts. Oats are uniformly below an average promise, but beans and peas are blooming well and should be a better yield than usual. The tale of the haymaking will be more definite a week hence than it is to-day, for the actual hay harvest is now in fullest swing. But from what we learn and see clover is disappointing, while ordinary meadow hay is a full average. Turnips and other root crops have improved during the past fortnight, but are still behind an ordinary promise for the end of June. The yellow tinge in the hop gardens is most marked, but there is much less fly and lice than usual, and the farmers welcome a reduction on their heavy bill for washing and spraying the vines.

FOREIGN AGRICULTURISTS IN ENGLAND

Not only has the number of foreign agricultural visitors to England for this year's Royal Show been very large, but a majority of them have come on business as well as pleasure. Very extensive purchases of English breeding stock have already been made, and we understand that several large pur-

chases are at the present moment still in negotiation. While this was in one respect a matter for sincere congratulation, and indeed occasion for some national pride, what it points to in no distant future is far less satisfactory. The primacy of English roast beef, of Southdown mutton, of the York ham, is to be threatened, and already in the dairy interests we have to meet the keenest rivalry from foreign live stock, which has been vastly improved by crossing with our own Jersey and other dairy breeds of cattle. South America is buying very largely of sheep, chiefly Lincoln, Romney Marsh, and other long-woollen breeds. Horses are in less requisition, except, of course, for thoroughbreds, the buying season for which is not in the summer.

Bural Notes

THE SEASON

THOSE observers who are saying that wheat will be the crop of the year are probably deriving their idea from well-farmed, well-manured, and well-drained land naturally fitted for wheat and wont to yield even in a merely average year thirty-four to thirty-five bushels. On such land the promise is indeed excellent, but it is to be feared that it forms no very large proportion of Britain's wheat total of two million acres. Such observations, just as they are—so far as they go—remind us of nothing so much as of the visitors to the

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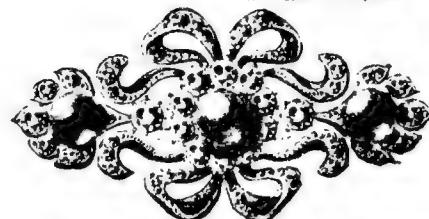


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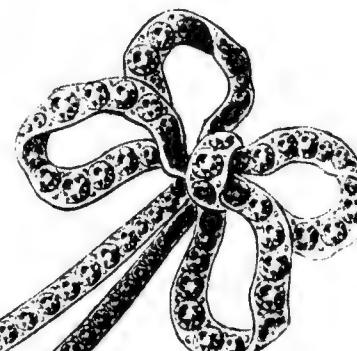
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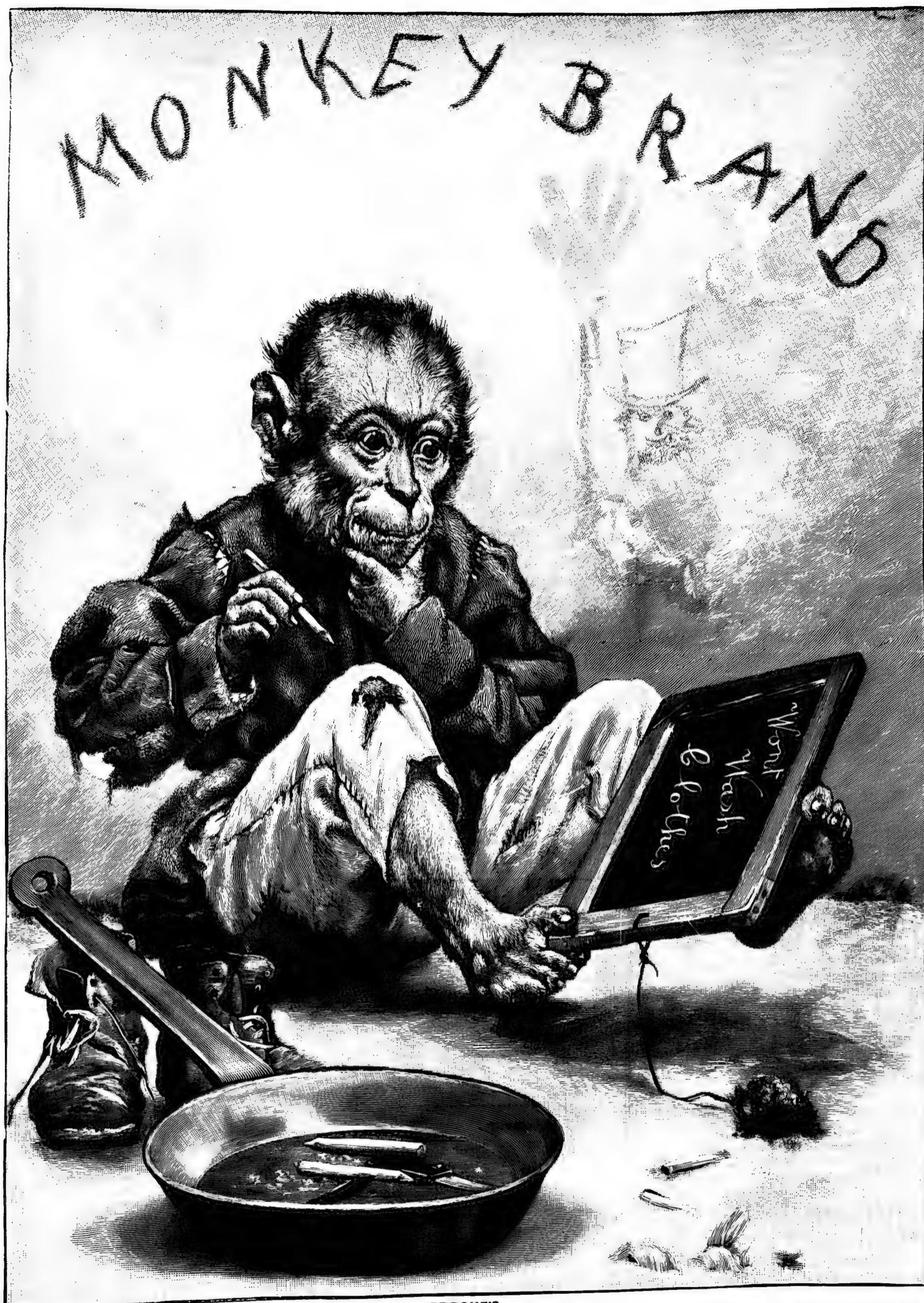
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THE GRAPHIC

"Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa"

WHATEVER merit these volumes might have as a history of the Dutch settlers in South Africa is greatly discounted by the bitterness of feeling and the obvious unfairness with which they are written. If the object of the author in writing this book had been to alienate what little sympathy exists between this nation and the Boers he could not have been more successful. With those parts of the book which deal with the political geography, or with the history pure and simple of South Africa, no fault can be found, but when it comes to judging the political questions and causes which brought about the different "trekkings" of the Dutch emigrants, his opinions are so imbued with hatred for this country, and are so manifestly one-sided, that but little value can be attached to them.

As an example of this unfairness, we give two accounts of appeals made to the natives—one to help the Boers against the English, the other to help the English against the Boers.

When the Boers revolted in 1814 they sent two men to try to induce the Kaffir chief Gaika to help them against the English. The author says:—

By a most every chronicler of this history of those days their attempt has been adversely criticised and strongly condemned as unjustifiable. But it is difficult to understand on what grounds this universal condemnation is based. The British Government, in its wars against the French in India and North America, had itself never scrupled to enter into alliances with native chiefs, and make use of those savage allies and their followers in the conduct of military operations against the enemy. . . . Is it strange, is it unnatural, that men about to engage in a struggle for life and death against one of the most powerful of European empires, finding that civilised Power did not scruple to enlist the Hottentot under its banners, should look to native chiefs for aid?

The second affair took place in Natal in 1842. A Captain Smith, with a small body of men, was besieged in his camp by the Boers. They were completely surrounded, no relief could be expected for some considerable time, and their food supply was practically exhausted. When in these desperate circumstances, Captain Smith managed to communicate with the Zulu chief, whom he vainly entreated to come to his aid. "This," says the author,

"was returning evil for good with a vengeance. The English commander knew what a Zulu invasion of Natal at that time would have signified, for the memory of the massacres of women and children in the neighbourhood of Weenen was still fresh in all men's minds. Pretentious and the farmers had been charitable and merciful to the British wounded, kind to the prisoners of war, magnanimous towards Captain Smith himself—in allowing him to send the women and children from his camp to the Missionary, where they were safe. The appeal to savages to attack the Afrikaners testified to a British officer's appreciation of all this kindness, courtesy, and magnanimity. It was an act in every way worthy of the self-styled philanthropists and of their administration."

Later he writes:—

If we remember that, before Captain Smith's raid into Natal,

"Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa" (1795-1845) By J. C. Voigt, M.D., of the Cape Colony Volunteer Ambulance Service (Fisher Unwin.)

the emigrants . . . had complained of emisaries visiting various native chiefs and inciting them to range themselves and their warriors on the side of the British . . . if we further bear in mind such facts of history as the British officer's shameful appeal to Panda to invade Natal . . . then as the British Representatives established the authority and the rule of their Sovereign.

So, according to the author, it is difficult to understand why natives should not be called in to help; it is the right and natural thing to do when the Boers require their aid. But when the English ask for their assistance, it is a mean, selfish, and shameful act.

We have nothing but admiration for the old emigrants as fighting men. By experience they learnt to receive and repel the attacks

camp by assault; but during both days, they clung persistently to their usual tactics of forming their columns in a circle before rushing onwards; and the defenders, having by this time acquired considerable skill in the best methods of fighting Dingaan's regiments, directed their fire almost entirely at the front extremities of the wings, which were thrown out from the Zulu centre to form the columns. Before each onslaught, as the main body of the centre and its two wings were thrown forward to encircle the camp, sustained such a concentrated fire, that large numbers of those in front (at the points of the wings) were shot down. Knowing that the centre square would not move before the circle had been completed by the tips of the horns uniting, when the ring of black warriors would rush to the assault, the Farmer made it their main endeavour to shatter the extremities of the circling columns, to "shoot away the tips of the horns," as they termed it. So well did they succeed, that the wings of the Zulu battle-formation were continually thrown into disorder and confusion by the enormous losses which they sustained. . . . At last, after two days' constant fighting, and after having lost very heavily, the enemy became disengaged, and gave up the attempt. Only one of the defenders, a farmer named Vlotman, lost his life in the fight.

The politics and the events which have taken place in South Africa during the last few years do not come, of course, within the time of Dr. Voigt's history, but he adds a lengthy and bombastic appendix, in which he airs his opinions of the British nation, and prophesies the fate which is in store for it. This is how he speaks of South Africa under English rule:—

There is a land where cruelties and oppression and tyranny and atrocities go unpunished when committed by the mighty; where prisoners taken in war have been shot; where sham investigations and mock trials and acquittals of the guilty stand for justice; where he who is powerful and wealthy enough can do unlawful deeds with impunity, while his subordinates are punished; where the man who breaks his oath—he who speaks falsehoods in order to conceal his blood-guiltiness—is a hero; where there is equality for Black and White—for the silent dead whose bones lie bleaching in the fierce glare of the sun; where the fat has gone fast from the highest ruler, from the friends and the kinsmen of Princes and Dukes;—"Righteousness and justice are of trivial importance. Territory is everything!"

Perhaps the following high-flown prophecy may better apply to a country that is not an Empire:—

Hark! The bells are tolling their warning in the great echoing belfry of the temple of History. Is it only a warning? Or are they sounding the death-knell of an Empire?



Last week at Thurso, on the Caithness coast, a remarkable capture of whales was made. Half a dozen fishing boats fought them from noon to six o'clock, before they were driven into shallow water and speared on the beach. The total number caught was 104. Our illustration is by D. D. Cairnie, Thurso.

THE CAPTURE OF A GREAT SCHOOL OF WHALES: THE VICTIMS ON THE BEACH AT THURSO

of the Zulu and other native tribes. The Zulu formation in a battle was in the form of a crescent; the main body being in the centre and two wings were thrown out with the object of surrounding the enemy. The emigrants, when attacked, knowing that the main body would not advance until the circle was complete, concentrated all their fire on the tips of the crescent or wings. Speaking of an attack on the laager at Bushman's River, and quoting from the narrative of a woman who was present at the engagement, he says:—

The battle lasted two days. The Zulus made repeated attempts to take the

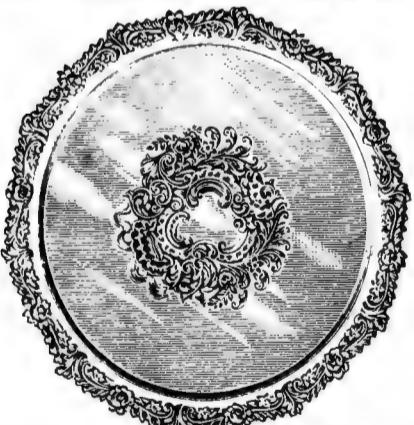
second of the two handsome volumes composing "The Queen's Empire" (Cassell and Co.) has now made its appearance, and both in beauty and interest is no whit behind its predecessor. The work consists of artistic reproductions of photographs, each accompanied by a brief explanatory note, depicting in a carefully selected series of views, the modes of government, national institutions, forms of worship, methods of travel, sports, occupations and home life of the inhabitants of the British Empire. Messrs. Cassell and Company are, indeed, to be congratulated on the publication of such a work, happy alike in conception and execution, for it can with safety be said that no other book brings home to the reader more vividly the true character of our Empire, and what a powerful agency it is in the progress and civilisation of the world.

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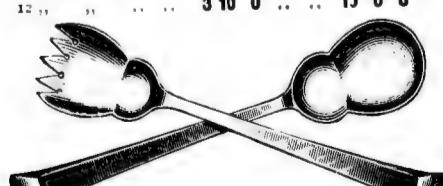
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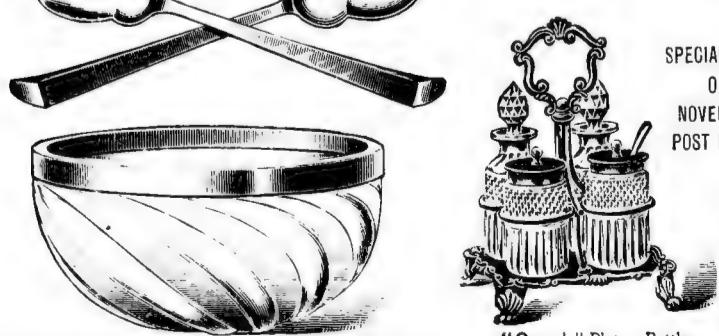


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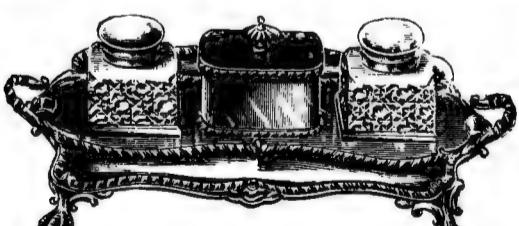
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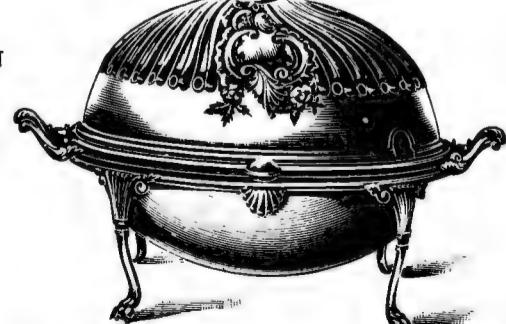


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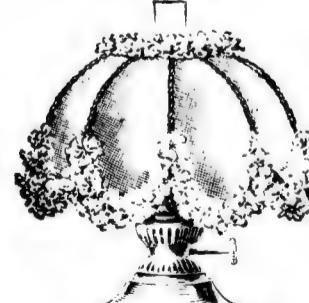
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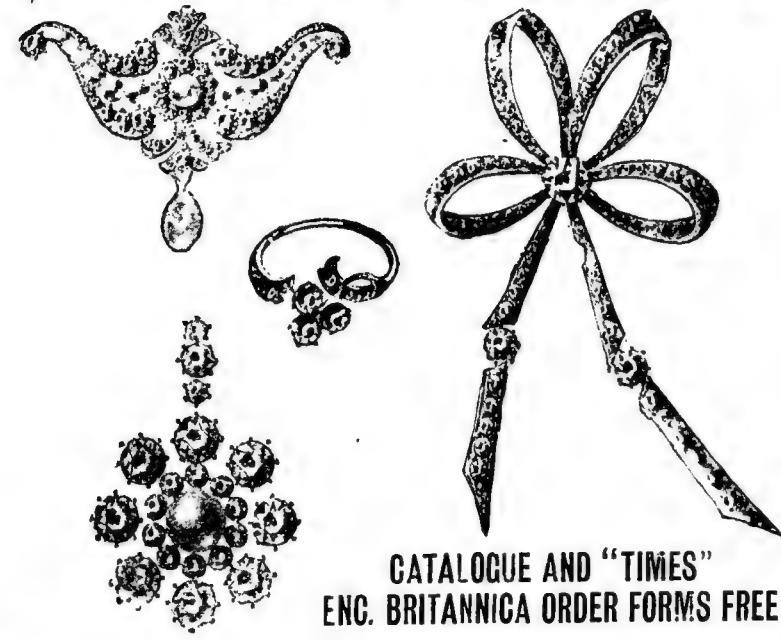
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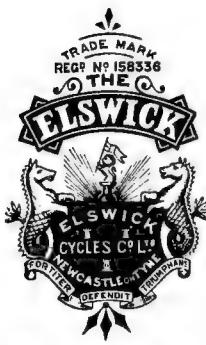


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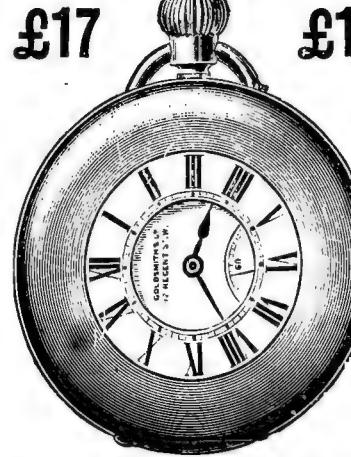


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New Novels

"SUNNINGHAM AND THE CURATE"

UNDER the name of "Sunningham" Edith A. Barnett describes a possibly recognisable semi-rural colony of city folk somewhere, one may conjecture, in the late fifties or early sixties, under the title of "The Curate," a clergyman who is, to say the least, less agreeable, if more interesting, than his surroundings. The combination results in a volume (Chapman and Hall) which is a piquant

blend of sketch-book and novel. The Rev. Saul Hilary Davies, young, unmarried, and with a trick of eloquence, provides a welcome excitement to a number of ladies who have nothing to do with themselves during the absence of all their menfolk from breakfast till dinner; and had he been only a very little more of a gentleman, or merely a little less of a knave, it is quite on the cards that he would have married himself into a distinguished career. There is real pathos in the domestic history—secret as well as public—of the great man of Sunningham, who had made himself by making buttons, but found himself unable to buy what he really wanted; though that is not, perhaps, an uncommon story. Certainly less common is the household of the philosophic savant who was regarded as a probably dangerous lunatic because his disregard of money was unquestionably real. The authoress is at her best, however, in dealing with ordinary types, while her contrast between what was considered old-fashioned some forty years ago and the then revolutionary views and ways which have become old-fashioned now will have a special interest for readers old enough to have themselves lived through the change.

"ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE"

Had it not been for so celebrated a case as that of Madame Svengali, it might have been harder to credit that of Miss Violet Drummond, as reported by Miss Mary Angela Dickens in "On the Edge of a Precipice" (Hutchinson and Co.). Concussion of the brain has deprived Violet of her memory, and, while in that condition, she, though without any dramatic or any other talent of her own, becomes the hypnotised vehicle for the expression of the genius of Rachel Cochrane, born actress, who is physically unsuited for the stage. It is the latter, however, who stands on the edge of the precipice—a temptation to marry Violet to a scoundrel in order to keep her own lover whose affections are in imminent danger of transference to the beautiful fool. All, however, ends more happily than might have been expected—Violet is restored to her senses, and Rachel obtains the reward of self-conquest at the eleventh hour. The story is never very convincing, but it is skilfully put together and well told.

"UNHOLY MATRIMONY"

The Reverend David Collier, whose matrimonial experiences give their title to Mr. John Le Breton's novel (John Macqueen) was certainly an unfortunate young man. No doubt it was rash to marry a young woman, of whom he knew nothing but that she was below him in station, because he was quite needlessly afraid of having innocently compromised what he thought was her reputation. She proved to be a dipsomaniac of the worst sort, who made life impossible for him; and Mr. Le Breton's point is the helplessness of a husband in such a situation. "To those that make the law" is his dedication; and it is certainly difficult to say what a kindly-natured man, with a strong sense of duty, and unable to face a scandal, is in such circumstances to do. Mr. Le Breton does not seem to be provided with an answer; inasmuch as the intervention of a lunatic to drown the wife without trouble to the conscience of the husband, must needs be rarer than that of the Queen's Proctor. The painful interest of the novel is sufficient proof of its power.



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"CASTLE CZVARVAS"

"Castle Czvargas: A Romance, Being a Plain Story of the Romantic Adventures of Two Brothers, told by the Younger of them, and edited by Archibald Birt" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is one of those novels of breathless perils, hairbreadth escapes, savage and sanguinary conflicts, fiendish robbery, and "Periodesque" English that suggest production by machine according to pattern. The pattern, however, is evidently still in demand, and Mr. Birt's work is quite as good as its sort as is turned out anywhere.

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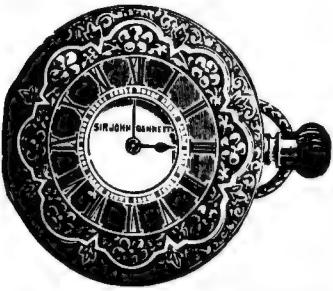
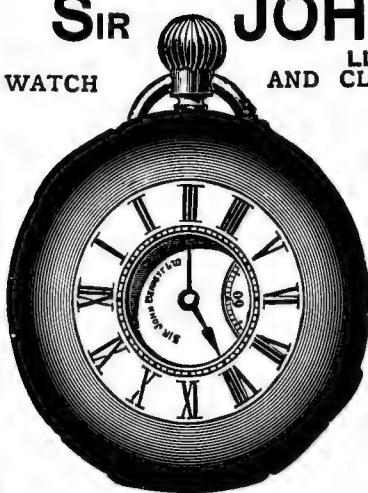
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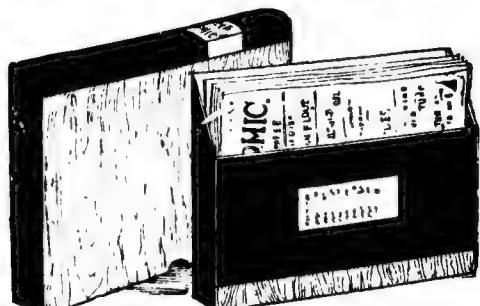
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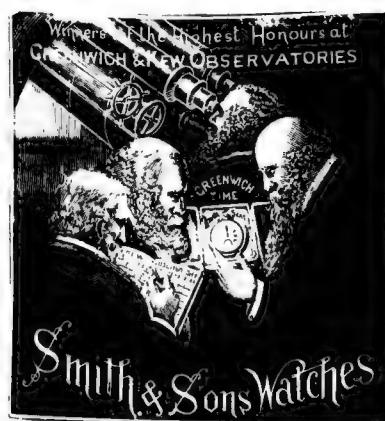
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describes the systematic organisation of the firm which publishes the book. In Part III. the growth of Press advertising is dwelt upon. The great secrets of the art of advertising are excellence of quality in the goods advertised and thoroughness of knowledge in the advertising of them. The book should prove as valuable to business men as it is interesting to the plain man who likes to be instructed without being bored.—"The Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Limited), the 155th edition of which has lately been published, is corrected up to the month of May. The book is too well known to need much commendation, and it is enough to say that it gives the names and addresses of the better class residents in the district bounded by Hampstead on the North, the Chelsea Reach on the South, Finsbury Circus on the East, and Hammersmith on the West, and contains besides a mass of information about the official world.—"Webster's Royal Red Book" (A. Webster and Co.), a volume covering much the same ground, has reached its 104th edition, which

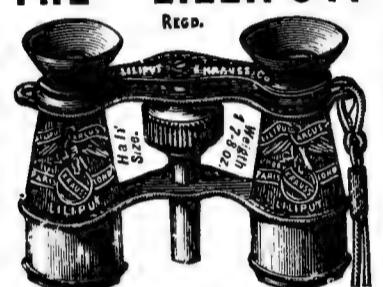
is corrected down to May. The directory includes a useful list of public companies, societies, etc.—"The Year's Music" (J. S. Virtue and Co.), which now appears for the fourth successive year, and for the second under the editorship of Mr. A. C. R. Carter, contains fifteen portraits of the most prominent conductors. Musical events of the past year in London and the provinces are only noted, and particulars are given of the examinations held by Universities, the Royal Academy of Music and other institutions. A new feature of the book is a chapter on cathedral and church music, which gives particulars of musical establishments, of all the cathedrals, and of prominent churches.—"Andrew Thomson's Yachting Guide and Tide Tables, 1899" (Thames Yacht Agency), which appears for the nineteenth successive year, is a little book which can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. No yachtsman should be without it. Besides giving all kinds of technical information, it contains lists of the winners of important races and a summary of last year's racing.

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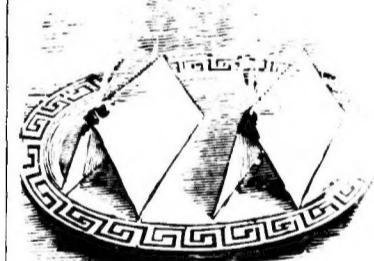
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